

AUGUST 1954

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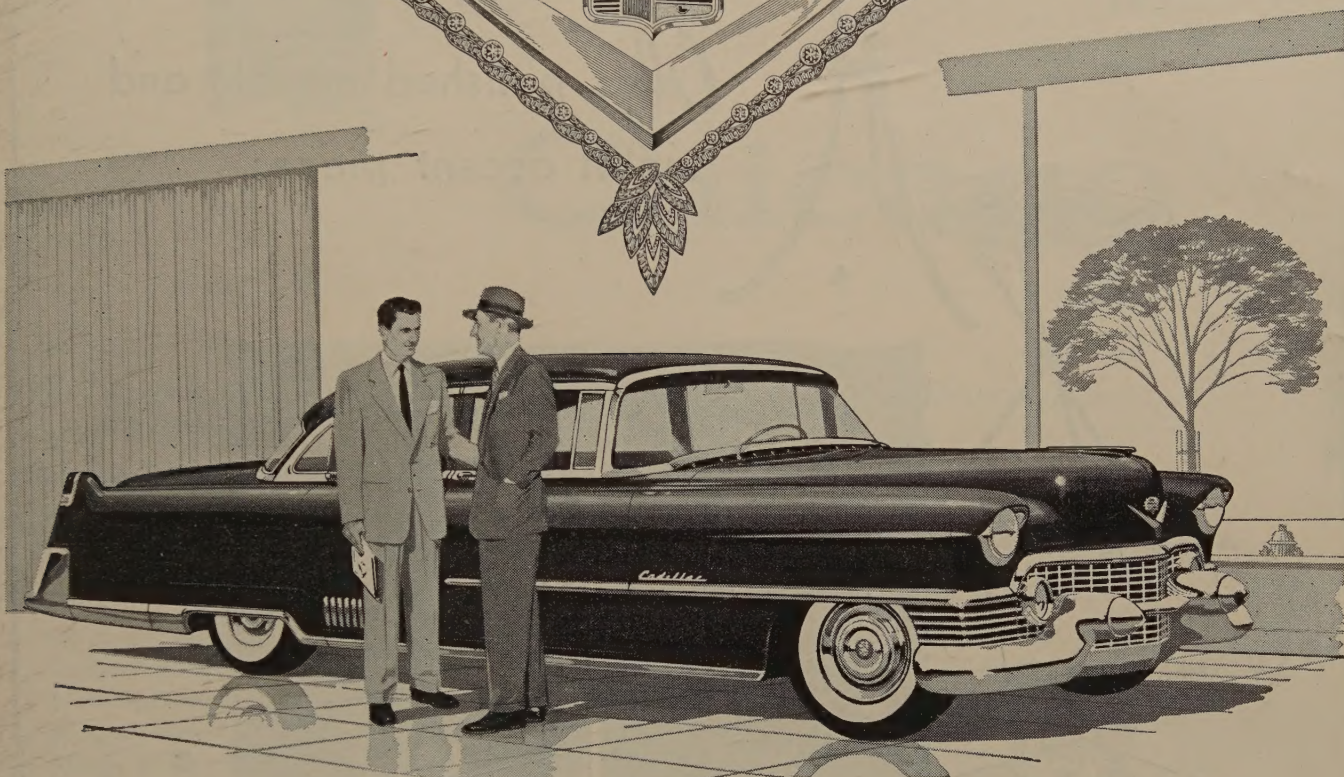
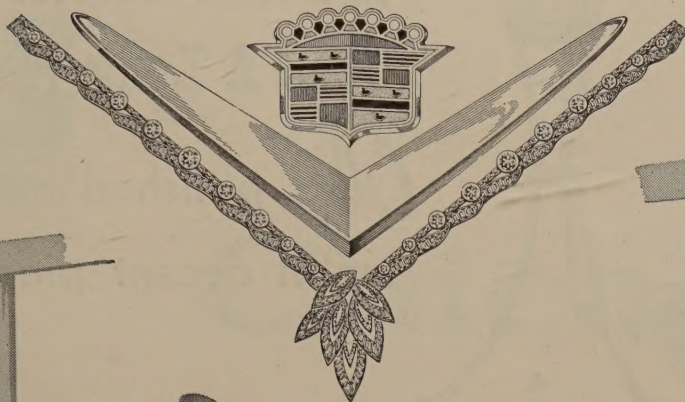
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* * *

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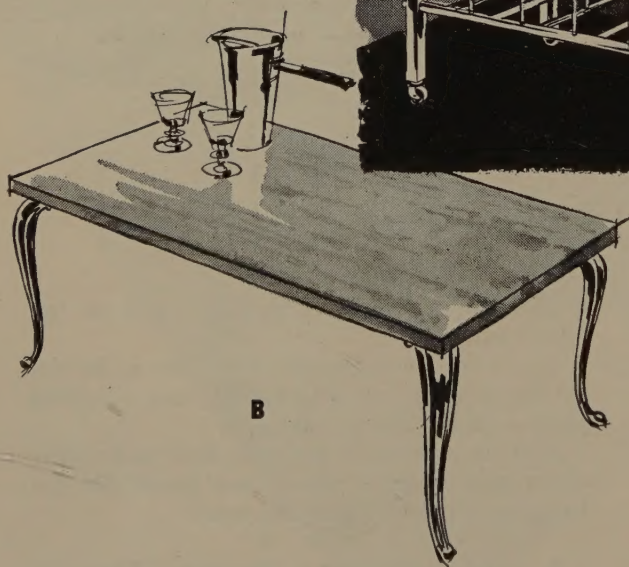
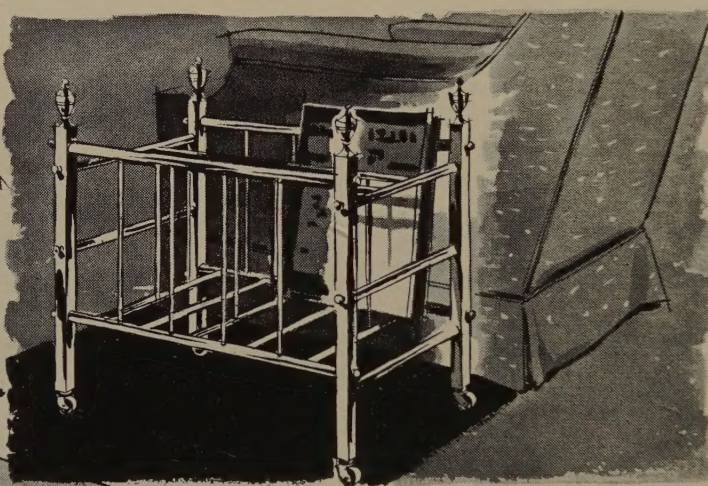
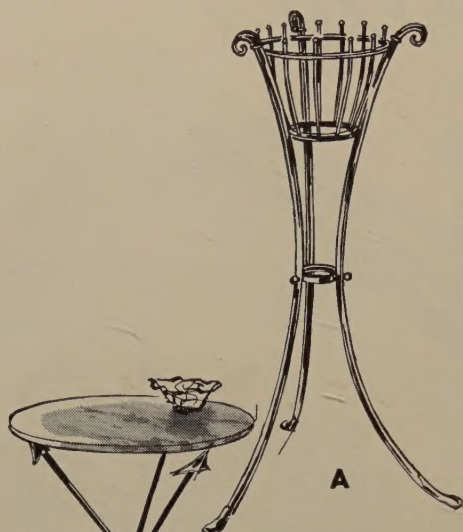
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CHICAGO
129 N. WABASH

EVANSTON
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LA GRANGE PARK
IN THE VILLAGE MARKET



PAGE 25



PAGE 57

August 1954

Chicago



PAGE 64

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COVER

Frank Hopper, free lance illustrator who was trained at the American Academy and the Art Institute, designed the cover, using his airy, loose-line drawing to express Riverview's exotic structures and milling faces. The photo, by David Jackson, is of two-year-old Lee Susan Oliff on her first visit to the amusement park.

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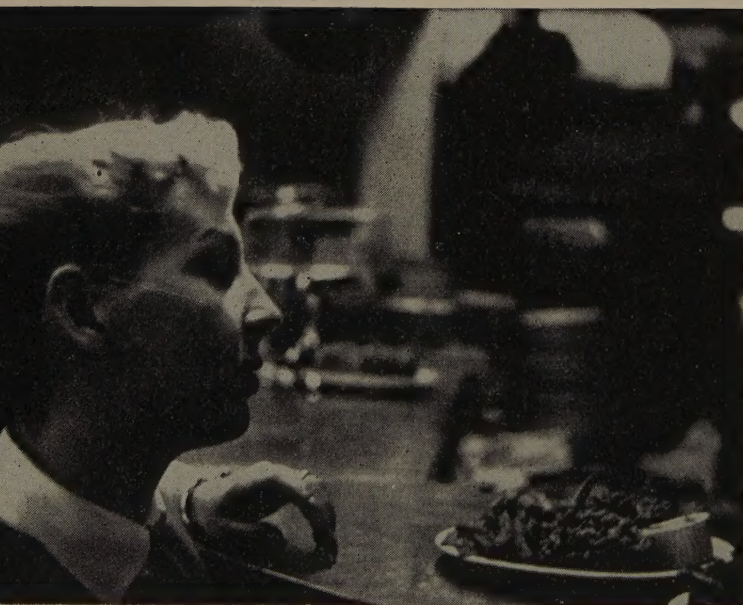
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Every midnight except Sunday, Jay Andres eases into his five-hour program of recorded serious music and mild conversation on radio station WBBM. He soothes his listeners, mostly people who work at night, with a presence so relaxed as to make Dave Garroway sound formal. Andres' casual comments flow smoothly thru an anecdote about a composer or observations anent the weather, into low-pressure commercials for American Airlines. Most of the music he selects is from the non-academic classics.



At an all-night restaurant on east 71st, waitress Dora Wernerston has dreams, against a Schubert background, that have nothing to do with the order of barbecued beef



A sculptress, Pat Watters, works nights in her studio on north State. Her cat, Pansy, gave birth to the kittens at 3 o'clock one morning

Music *till dawn*

by Jack O'Callaghan



Andres often aims his murmured comments toward lovers or the lovelorn. He is careful not to jar listeners from their dream worlds, but coaxes them farther in.



For cab driver Ben Fishman, Andres' peaceful music and gentle remarks counteract the boredom or tension of night driving in the city.

On his way home from the studio at the end of his work day, Andres pauses on the Michigan avenue bridge to watch the dawn.



WHAT

GOES ON HERE



listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Shakespeare Festival. Playwrights Theater club, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Good performances by Edward Asner, Byrne Piven, Eugene Troobnick, Zohra Alton and Lee Henry, and lesser performances by others, in this summer-long program in the club's new 300-seat, air-conditioned loft. Thru Aug. 15, "The Tempest." Aug. 17-Sept. 5, "Romeo and Juliet." Nightly except Mon., 8:30.

in the loop at press time

Wonderful Town. Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Musical comedy that lasted and lasted on Broadway. Carol Channing as a red-head is the chief decoration of this new version of "My Sister Eileen"; music by Leonard Bernstein. Nightly except Sun., 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Time Out for Ginger. Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). One of those airy, summer-weight synthetics. Melvyn Douglas wears it well. Nightly Wed.-Sun., 8:30; Tue. 7:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

This Is Cinerama. Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). Running for a year, and still filling the house. Nightly, Sun.-Thu. 8:30; Fri. 7 & 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30 & 10:30 p.m. Mats. Mon.-Thu. 2:30; Fri. 1 p.m.; Sat. 2:30 p.m.; Sun. 2 & 5 p.m.

repertory companies

Showcase Theater. 1716 Central, Evan-

ston (DA 8-7440). Regularly scheduled plays, including Broadway hits and misses and occasional originals. Nightly except Mon., 8:30; Sun. 7:30 p.m. Mat. Wed. 2:30.

summer theater

with notes on driving time and dining

Chevy Chase. Chevy Chase Country club, Milwaukee av., Wheeling (BR 4-6060). Thru Aug. 1, "Murder Without Crime." Aug. 3-8, "The Male Animal." Aug. 10-15, "Glass Menagerie." Aug. 17-22, "George and Margaret." Aug. 24-29, an original show. Aug. 31-Sept. 5, "A Sound of Hunting." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sun., 2:30. Apprx. 60 min. from Loop. Dining: Chevy Chase Country club.

Drury Lane. 97th & Western. (HI 5-2666). Thru Aug. 1, Marie Wilson in "The Little Hut." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sun. 2:30. Apprx. 45 min. from Loop. Dining: Martinique, next door.

East Eden. Lincoln & Touhy. (IN 3-4031 or OR 5-4434). Thru Aug. 1, "Anna Lucasta." Aug. 3-15, "Bell, Book and Candle." Aug. 17-29, "Playboy of the Western World." Aug. 31-Sept. 12, "Voice of the Turtle." Nightly, 8:30. Apprx. 30 min. from Loop. Dining: House of Pierre, next door.

Fox Valley Playhouse. Arcadia Theater bldg., St. Charles. (St. Charles 554). Thru Aug. 1, "The Merry Widow." Aug. 3-15, "Girl Crazy." Aug. 17-29, "Brigadoon." Tues.-Sat. 8:30 p.m., Sun. 7:30. Mat. Wed.

& Sat. 2:15. Apprx. 2 hrs. from Loop. Dining: Log Cabin, 1 w. Main st., St. Charles.

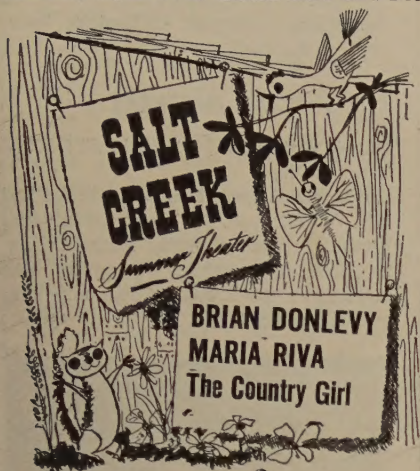
Michiana Summer Theater. Michiana Shores, Ind. (Michigan City 2-5858). Wed.-Sun. 8:30 p.m. Apprx. 2 hrs. from Loop. Dining: Italian Village, Michigan City.

Music Theater. w. of Glencoe on County Line rd., between Edens & Skokie hwy. (BR 4-7447 or Glencoe 931). Thru Aug. 5, "On the Town." Aug. 6-19, "Show Boat." Aug. 20-Sept. 5, to be announced. Nightly 8:30. Apprx. 45 min. from Loop. Dining: Villa Moderne, next door.

Salt Creek. First & Garfield, Hinsdale (BI 2-1492 or Hinsdale 689). Thru Aug. 7, Joe E. Brown in "The Show Off." Aug. 9-21, Wally Cox in "The Vegetable." Aug. 23-Sept. 4, Maria Riva & Brian Donlevy in "Country Girl." Nightly Tue.-Sat. 8:30, Sun. alternately 7:30 & 8:30, beginning with 7:30 curtain Aug. 1. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. Apprx. 50 min. from Loop, 35 min. via Burlington R.R. Dining: Old Spinning Wheel, 421 e. Ogden, Hinsdale.

Shady Lane. U. S. hwy. 20, Marengo, Ill. (Marengo 925). Thru Aug. 1, "Happiest Years." Aug. 3-8, "Spring Again." Aug. 10-15, "Pursuit of Happiness." Aug. 17-22, "My Only Love." Aug. 24-29, "Elizabeth Sleeps Out." Aug. 31-Sept. 5, "Fancy Meeting You Again." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Apprx. 90 min. from Loop. Dining: Shady Lane Farm.

Tenthous. Park av. w. of Skokie hwy., Highland Park (HI 2-1160). Thru Aug. 1, "The Enchanted." Aug. 3-8, "Desire Under the Elms." Aug. 10-15, "Time of the Cuckoo." Aug. 17-22, "The Letter."



Phone Bishop 2-1492, Air-Conditioned, Hinsdale, Ill.

CHEVY CHASE Summer Theatre

July 20-July 25—"Holiday"

July 27-August 1—"The Time of Your Life"

August 3-August 8—"The Male Animal"

Aug. 17-Aug. 22—"The Glass Menagerie"

Nites, Tues. thru Sun. 8:30

Matinees, Wed. & Sun. 2:00

Reservations available at Marshall
Field & Company — third floor
or BR 4-6061

Milwaukee Ave. — Routes 45 & 21
One mile north of Wheeling.

Aug. 24-29, "Fresh Fields." Aug. 31-Sept.
5, "Heartbreak House." Nightly except
Mon., 8:30. Apprx. 60 min. from Loop.
Dining: Country Fare, Skokie hwy. &
Dundee rd., near Glencoe.

little school or otherwise

Chicago Stage Guild, 640 n. State (WH
4-8050 evenings). "On Monday Next,"
Aug. 20, 21, 25-28. Nightly 8:30, except
Thu 7:30.

Jack & Jill Players, room 1422, Kimball
Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WA 2-0317).
"Seventeenth Summer," Aug. 27 & 28,
7:30 p.m.; Aug. 29, 3 p.m.

Lake Front Players, room 1422, Kimball
Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WA 2-0317).
"Laura," Aug. 5-7, 12-14. Thurs. & Fri.,
7:30 p.m.; Sat., 8:30 p.m.

Northwestern Univ. Theater, Speech
bldg., Evanston (UN 4-1907). Aug. 4-8,
"Phaedra." Nightly 8:30, except Sun. at
7 p.m.

Theater-on-the-Lake, Fullerton av. pavil-
ion, 2400 n. on the Lake (HA 7-5252).
Arena production by community theaters
of the Park dist. Tue-Thu., thru Sept. 7,
8:30 p.m.

Theater under the Stars, Lake Forest col-
lege, Lake Forest (Lake Forest 3100).

Thru Aug. 1, "Smilin' Through." Aug.
6-7, "Mrs. McThing." Nightly 8:30.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams. (CE
6-7080). — Thirty masterpieces of religious
painting shown in connection with the
World Council of Churches assembly,
thru Aug. 31. — European streets and
children, by Swiss photographer Sabine
Weiss, thru Sept. 1. — Chinese and Jap-
anese paintings, thru Oct. 3. — Continu-
ing exhibitions: religious prints from the
15th to the 20th century; Andre Masson
"Voyage to Venice" lithographs; Ameri-
can and European rooms in miniature by
Mrs. James Ward Thorne; Early Chelsea
porcelain from the collection of M. G.
Kaufman; survey of prints and drawings
from the Print dept. collection; miniature
relief sculpture in wax from the collection
of Mrs. Alfred E. Hammil; Americana:
furniture, textiles, misc. objects. Daily 9
a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. noon to 5 p.m. Free
Wed., Sat., Sun., holidays.

Chicago Public Library, Michigan at
Randolph (CE 6-5821). Randolph st. cor-
ridor: design & printing for commerce and
the 50 advertisements of the year, sponsored
by Society of Typographic
Arts and Collins, Miller & Hutchings, Inc.
Art dept: monotypes by Helen Joy Wein-
berg and Pennsylvania Dutch antiques
loaned by Mrs. Ralph von Lehmden.
Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to
5:30 p.m.

Chicago Galleries Assn., 2nd fl., 30 s.
Michigan (CE 6-9646). Summer exhibition,
thru Aug. 15. Oil and water colors by
George Moyer, Karl Warren, Armand
Balador et al, opening August 16. Mon.-
Fri. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mandel Bros. Galleries, 8th fl., 1 n. State
(ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Oils and water-
colors by Ida Ritter, Andrew Bucci, Lucile
Roebuck Keeler, May Alice Bredine.
Weekdays 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., Mon. &
Thu. to 9:30 p.m.

Marshall Field Galleries, 2nd fl., s. Wa-
bash room., 111 n. State (ST 1-1000, ext.
2660-2661). Drawings by Dudley Huppler.
Mon.-Sat. 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.

Merchandise Mart, 17th fl., Mart plaza
(WH 4-4141). Good Design exhibition,
co-sponsored by The Museum of Modern
Art; Today in Tradition, co-sponsored
by American Institute of Decorators.

Palmer House Galleries, shop 301, Palm-
er House, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Prints
by Braque, Feininger, Marini, Picasso,
Toulouse-Lautrec & contemporary Ameri-
cans. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Lakeside Press Galleries, R. R. Donnelley
& Sons Co., 8th fl., 350 e. 22nd st. (CA
5-2121). 31 Years of Books, retrospective
selection of the American Institute of
Graphic Arts, 1922-1952. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.
to 4 p.m.

Chicago Society of Artists, 613 n. State st.
(DE 7-5637). Summer exhibition, Mon.-Sat.
9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

414 Art Workshop, 414 n. State (SU 7-
1988). Prints and paintings by Quinn
Tyler. Mon.-Fri. 2-10 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m. to
10 p.m.

Allan Frumkin Gallery, 152 e. Superior

(SU 7-0564). Works by Anderson, Burri,
Cornell, Ernst, Giacometti, Klee, Kline,
Lachaise, Magritte, Matta, Miro, Murch,
Siskind, Statsinger, Tanguy, Townley,
Weber et al. Mon.-Sat. 1-5 p.m.

La Boutique Fantastique, 103 e. Oak (WH
3-1795). Paintings & sculpture exhibited
in gallery and patio. Mon.-Sat. 10:30 a.m.
to midnight.

Main Street Gallery, Main Street Book
store, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Posters
by Dufy, Matisse, Picasso, Utrillo, thru
Aug. 6. Contemporary European litho-
graphs, Aug. 9-27. Modern European
paintings, drawings, sculpture, opening
August 30. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Frank J. Oehlschlaeger, 107 e. Oak (SU
7-6779). Contemporary American art:
Corbino, Iver Rose, Bosa, Grilley, Lester
Schwartz, Bohrod, Wilde, Priebe. Also
drawings, watercolors, etc., using non-
reflecting glass. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 6
p.m.

Patio Coffee Shop, 103-107 e. Oak (SU
7-6004). Paintings and sculpture by Bosa,
Corbino, Holst, Kikuchi, Foote, Okamura
et al. Daily 11 a.m. to midnight.

Riccardo's Restaurant, 437 n. Rush (SU
7-2874). Circus sketches by Artists Guild.
Daily 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Frank Ryan Furnishings, 1653 n. Wells
(MI 2-5411). Wash drawings by Chet
Thompson. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.,
Wed. to 6 p.m.

(Note: The Art Institute publishes quar-
terly an exhibitions calendar. Subscrip-

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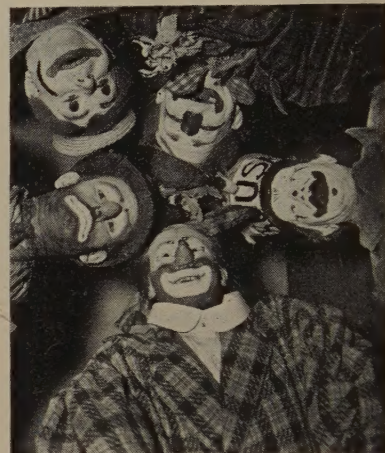
At your news-stand — last Thursday of August

tions are \$1 for 8 issues, mail to Chicago Exhibitions committee, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams.)

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Illinois State Fair, Springfield (FI 6-2000). Aug. 13-22.

Chicagoland Music Festival, Soldier Field (HA 7-5252). Aug. 21, 7 p.m. Twenty-fifth annual Tribune charities festival. Singing, dancing, symphony & pageantry, with stars and a cast of 8,000. Community sing and match lighting.



Ringling Bros. Circus, Soldier Field (HA 7-5252). Aug. 28-Sept. 5, mat. & eve.
All-Star Football Game, Soldier Field (HA 7-5252). Aug. 13, 8:30 p.m. Twenty-first annual classic. Pro champion Detroit Lions vs. 1953 College All-Stars.

Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches, Northwestern Univ., Evanston (UN 4-6040). From Aug. 15-31, 600 delegates representing 161 Christian communions in 48 countries gather in Evanston to study the theme "Christ — the Hope of the World" in terms of international affairs and Christian unity. The Evanston assembly is the first ecumenical gathering of this size in this country since 1910, and is the first meeting of the World Council of Churches since its organization in Amsterdam in 1948.

Some sessions and programs of the assembly will be open to the public:
Ecumenical Festival of Faith, Soldier Field, Aug. 15, eve. In the cast of 3,000 are massed choirs, speech choirs, an English bell choir and over 400 groups of actors. Free; but \$1 to the Chicago Area-Midwest Assembly committee, 8 s. Dearborn, enables contributor to enter the field before 7:30 p.m.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Ravinia park, Highland Park, Aug. 19, eve. Religious music.

General Sessions, McGaw hall, Northwestern campus, Evanston. Aug. 15-29. For a complete list of subject, chairman and speakers for the 11 public sessions, and for tickets at \$1 per person, write World Council Tickets, 1800 Sheridan rd., Evanston.

MUSIC

Ravinia Festival, Ravinia park, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). Chicago Symphony Orch. with guest conductors and soloists, each Tue., Thu., Sat., 8:30 p.m.; each Sun. 4 p.m. **Fifth week:** Pierre Monteux and Arthur Fiedler cond. July 27, Monteux cond. 1st half of "Faust," July 29, 2nd half of "Faust." July 31, all-Gershwin program, Fiedler cond.; Eugene List, pianist. Aug. 1, pop concert, Fiedler cond.; List, pianist. **Sixth week:** Georg Solti cond. Aug. 3, Ruggeriero Ricci, violinist. Aug. 5, Paul Tortelier, cellist. Aug. 7, Ricci and Tortelier. Aug. 8, Alexander Uninsky, pianist. **Seventh week:** (Aug. 10, 12, 14 & 15). Ricci, Tortelier and Uninsky and the Fine Arts Quartet.

Grant Park Symphony Orch., Grant Park band shell, foot of 11th st. (HA 7-5252). Free outdoor concerts each Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun., 8-10 p.m. **Aug. 1:** music of Old Vienna, Julius Rudel cond.; Eva Likova, soprano; Thomas Hayward, tenor. **Aug. 4 & 6:** Joseph Rosenstock cond.; Eudice Shapiro, violinist. **Aug. 7 & 8:** all-Tchaikovsky program, Rosenstock cond., Jorge Bolet, pianist. **Aug. 11:** Rosenstock cond.; Shapiro, violinist. **Aug. 14 & 15:** "Madame Butterfly," Rosenstock cond., with Ellen Faull, Jon Crain, Louis Sudler, Loretta West, & Chicago Park dist. Opera Guild chorus.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

with attention to August features

Adler Planetarium, Roosevelt rd. at lake front (WA 2-1428). Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tue. & Fri. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Shows Mon.-Sat. 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri. 8 p.m., Sun. 2 & 3:30 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. **Chicago Academy of Sciences**, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical Society, Clark & North av. (MI 2-4600). Exhibits relating to historical events. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., Sun. & holidays 12:30-5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

John Crerar Library, 86 e. Randolph (AN 3-6660). History of science, technology & medicine. Mon. 9:30 a.m. to 9 p.m., Tues.-Sat. 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free.

Dearborn Observatory, Northwestern univ., Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to public every clear Fri. evening. 8:30-10:30 p.m. Free.

Library of Internat'l Relations, 351 e. Ohio (SU 7-7928). Documentary film-lecture series: The Psychology of Technical Assistance: Asia & Africa. Aug. 4, 11, 18 at 8:15 p.m., reservations necessary.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). New permanent exhibitions: Story of Nutrition, featuring live animals; U-505, captured German submarine of World War II; Wheels of Yesterday, antique automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Sun. & holidays to 7 p.m. Free, except coal mine, nickelodeon, microworld.

Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. &

Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). New permanent exhibits: California & intermountain Indian tribes; egg-laying and marsupial mammals. Daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Free Thu., Sat., Sun.

Oriental Institute, Univ. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th st. (MI 3-0800, ext. 2645). Cultural objects from ancient Near Eastern countries. Tue.-Sat. 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m., Sun. 1-5 p.m. Free.

Shedd Aquarium, Roosevelt rd. at lake front (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat., Sun.

SPORTS

baseball

Cubs, Wrigley Field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). Vs. Cincinnati, Aug. 17 (double header), 18, 19; Milwaukee, Aug. 20 (ladies' day), 21, 22; New York, Aug. 24, 25, 26; Philadelphia, Aug. 27, 28 (ladies' day); Pittsburgh, Aug. 29 (double header), 31 (ladies' day). Game time 1:30 p.m.

White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). Vs. Philadelphia, Aug. 1 (double header); Boston, Aug. 3 (night),

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the olivetti
"Lettera 22"**



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4, 5; Washington, Aug. 6 (night), 7, 8 (double header); Baltimore, Aug. 10 (night), 11; Detroit, Aug. 13, 14, 15 (double header). Games 1:30 & 8:30 p.m.

golf

Jr. Girls Invitational Open. LaGrange Country club (ST 2-7485). Aug. 2-6.

Qualifying, All-American. Tam O'Shanter Country club, Howard & Caldwell, Niles (ST 2-7485). Aug. 2-5.

Illiniwek (women's). Exmoor Country club, Highland Park (ST 2-7485). Aug. 3-5.

All-American. Tam O'Shanter Country club, Howard & Caldwell, Niles (ST 2-7485). Aug. 5-8.

Southpaw Championship. Idlewild Country club, Flossmoor (ST 2-7485).

Boys' Pro-Jr. St. Charles Country club, (ST 2-7485). Aug. 9.

Int'l. Pro Team Matches. Tam O'Shanter Country club, Howard & Caldwell, Niles (ST 2-7485). Aug. 10-11.

World's Championship. Tam O'Shanter, Aug. 12-15.

Cook County Men's Amateur. Columbus Park golf course, 500 s. Central (ST 2-7485). Aug. 16-21.

Women's Western Jr. LaGrange Country club, (ST 2-7485). Aug. 28.

Pro-Amateur Championship. Knollwood Country club, Lake Forest (ST 2-7485). Aug. 30.

harness racing

Chicago Downs. Sportsman's Park, 3301 s. Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Post time 8:30 p.m. Thru Aug. 11.

Suburban Downs. Sportsman's Park, 3301 s. Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). Post time 8:30 p.m. Aug. 12-Sept. 1.

horse racing

Arlington Park. Rt. 14, Arlington Heights (HA 7-3181). Post time 2 p.m., Sat. 1:45 p.m. Thru Aug. 3.

Washington Park. Homewood (Homewood 820). Post time 2 p.m., Sat. 1:45 p.m. Aug. 4-Sept. 7.

polo

Oak Brook Polo club. Internat'l Fields, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Every Sun., 3 p.m.

stock car racing

Chicago Auto Racing assn. Soldier Field (HA 7-8677). Aug. 6, 8, 21, 22, 27, 29. Time trials 6:30 p.m., races 8:30 p.m.

yachting

Lake Michigan Yachting Assn. Mallory Cup Elim. Chi. Yacht club, foot of Monroe st. (ST 2-9245). July 30, 31; Aug. 1. **Dist. Elim. Mallory Trophy.** Chicago Yacht club (ST 2-9245). Aug. 7, 8.

Gim Hobelman Regatta. Corinthian Yacht club, foot of Montrose (ED 4-9130). Aug. 14-15.

Commodore George Orr Regatta. Columbia Yacht club, foot of Washington (AN

3-8111). Small boats and universal division, Aug. 21. Cruising division, Aug. 22.

Lake Michigan Yachting Assn. Regatta. Chicago Yacht club, (ST 2-9245). Small boats. Aug. 22.

Daily News Regatta. off Grant park harbor (DE 2-1111). Sailboat racing, all classes; motor boat racing; water skiing; special events. Aug. 29, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

tennis

River Forest Open. River Forest Tennis club (FO 9-9652). 15 yrs. and under. Aug. 2.

Metropolitan Jr. Oak Park Tennis club, River Forest (FO 9-7270). Aug. 9-12.

Nat'l Girls. Beverly Hills Tennis club, 9127 s. Hamilton (CE 3-9746). Aug. 17-21.



FOR THE CHILDREN of special interest

To escape the city heat during August, **Deer Forest at Coloma, Mich.** may be just the retreat you're looking for. In 30 wooded acres, 200 gentle deer of three species mingle with visitors and may be hand-fed from cake-cone containers of grain that are sold on the premises. Especially for children is Story Book Lane, a series of nursery-rhyme exhibits with live animals as central characters; Mary's Little Lamb bleats at the door of a tiny schoolhouse; Little Boy Blue slumbers while two midget Hereford cows nibble at the corn; Three Little Pigs poke about their little houses of straw, twigs and brick. Other scenes include Pussy in the Well; Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater; Little Bo Peep; and Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

Scampering about are many other tame animals and birds which can be touched and petted by the children. Every two hours there are special shows featuring animal acts.

Included in the entrance fee (60c for adults, 25c for children 5 to 12, under 5 free) are these shows as well as a playground, picnic tables, outdoor fireplaces to cook your own food. Refreshments may also be purchased.

Deer Forest is about 100 miles out of Chicago on US 12 at Paw Paw Lakes, one mile north of Coloma, Mich. Open at 10 a.m. daily.

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Brookfield. The main zoo has kangaroos, hippopotami and the only great Indian rhinoceros in captivity, plus thousands of other mammals, reptiles, birds and amphibians in surroundings resembling their natural habitats.

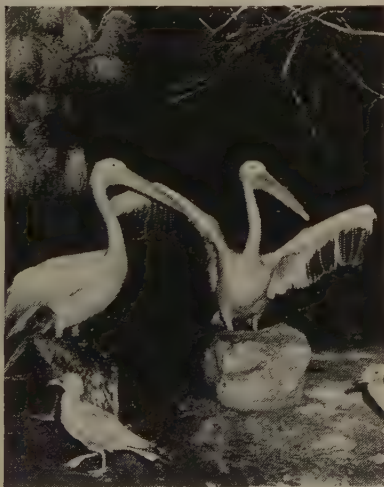
The special **Children's Zoo** is a 2½-acre enclosure where bottle-raised babies delight visitors. Attendants encourage children to handle, pet and bottle-feed the animals. The babies include a jaguar cub, kangaroo, Indian antelope and caracul lamb, lion cubs, a baby elephant, kodiak bear cubs, llamas, goats, sheep and many barnyard animals including a cow which the children can watch being milked. Fee 10c up to 12 years, 20c for others.

Main zoo open 10-7 on Thurs., Sat., Sun. & holidays, admission free; 10-6 other days, admission 25c. Children under 12 free at all times. At Brookfield, Ill., 14 miles west of the Loop. (HU 5-0263). **Indian Boundary Park.** A small outdoor zoo with exhibits of bear, deer, smaller animals and birds. Free, open daily. At 2500 Lunt av. (RO 4-7648).

Hawthorn Melody Farm. A farm zoo featuring champion cattle. Weekdays and Sun., 1-5 p.m. Free weekdays; Sun., adults 25c, children 10c. On US 21, 3 miles so. of Libertyville.

Trailside Museum of Natural History. In Thatcher's Woods forest preserve. Small animals indigenous to the area, alive and stuffed. Daily except Thu., 10 a.m. to noon; 1-5 p.m. At 738 Thatcher rd., River Forest.

Lincoln Park. Here, also, is a **Children's Zoo**, a special enclosure just south of the Reptile house, for zoologists under 12. Attendants accompany children thru the area, among the monkeys, raccoons, foxes, larger birds, chameleons and lizards. **Zoo Rookery:** a restful spot at



the north end of the zoo (Fullerton av.) with a large pond for water birds: wild ducks, geese, swans, pelicans, storks, cranes and flamingos. Ideal for camera enthusiasts.

museum movies

Chicago Historical Society continues its

"Summer Fun" program of free movies about pioneer life. By reservation only on Tuesdays, and open to the public (first-come-first-served) on Wednesdays, the following movies are scheduled: **August 3-4:** "Death Valley," a film about ghost towns; "Buffalo Bill" part III; and "Ducksters," a cartoon. **August 10-11:** "American Cowboy" and "History of Aviation," a cartoon. **August 17-18:** "Washington, Capital City," an educational film; "Canyon Country," a trip thru the West; and "Bugs Bunny Rides Again." Tuesdays, 9:45, 11 a.m. & 2 p.m.; Wednesdays, 11 a.m. & 2 p.m. In Lincoln Park, at North & Clark. (MI 2-4600).

Chicago Natural History Museum. Free movies at 10 and 11 a.m. **Thu. Aug. 5:** "Kangaroo Land," and a cartoon. **Thu. Aug. 12:** "Vacation Country," showing Carlsbad Caverns, Grand Canyon and the Rockies, plus a cartoon. Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. Theater and west entrance open at 9:30 a.m.

horseshoe meets

City-wide championships, Sat., Aug. 7 at Garfield Park (Lake st. & Hamlin). Jr. boys (14 and under) 10 a.m.; intermed. boys (15 thru 17) 1 p.m.

sand-modeling

Final modeling contests, in teams of six. Jr. teams, 10 and under; Sr. teams, 11 thru 14. From 11 a.m. to 12 noon at North av. beach, Mon., Aug. 9 and Wed., Aug. 11; at Jackson (63rd st.) Fri., Aug. 13. Children may bring lunches and swim suits.

fishing

City-wide contest open to all anglers under 16 will be held Thurs., Aug. 5 from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. at the following park lagoons: Jackson, Washington, Sherman, Columbus, Douglas, Garfield, Humboldt, Marquette, McKinley and Lincoln. Consult your park for contest rules. Awards will be given at each lagoon, and a grand prize to boy or girl with biggest catch city-wide.

story hours

Chicago Public Library branches continue the vacation "Reading Jamboe" and story-telling hours during August. Consult local branch for hours.

children's theater

Tothouse, Park av. w. of Skokie hwy., Highland Park (HI 2-1160). Tenthouse's theater-in-the-round for children. "Peter & the Wolf," Aug. 6, 13. "Cinderella," Aug. 20, 27; Sept. 3. All perfs., 2:30 p.m.



CONTRIBUTE TO OUR Girl Scouts

DINING OUT

with atmosphere

The Anchorage, Windemere hotel, 56th st. & Hyde Park blvd. (FA 4-6000). Savory curries, English-style Sunday breakfast and a beautiful view of Jackson Park are house specialties. 7 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams st. (HA 7-3170). Quell a hearty appetite with Thüringer sausage, corned beef and cabbage, hasenpfeffer with dumplings or other German fare. 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Closed Sun.

Binyon's, 327 s. Plymouth ct. (WE 9-8498). La Salle streeters' favorite. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Closed Sundays.

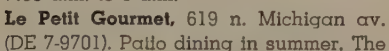
Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush st. (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 5:30-9:30 p.m.

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Boston Oyster House, Morrison Hotel, 79 w. Madison st. (FR 2-9600). Sea foods, also meat and fowl. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Black Forest Restaurant, 2636 n. Clark st. (DI 8-7930). German food in a hunting lodge atmosphere. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.

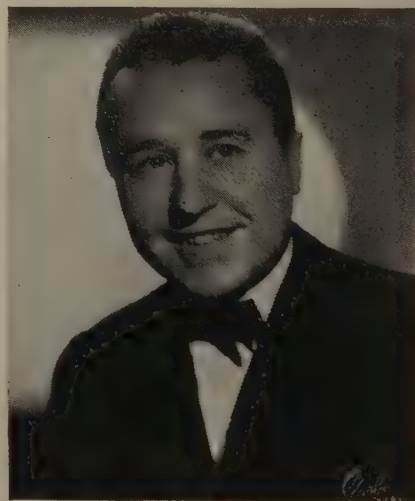
Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton st. (AN 3-8310). Wild game in season, from buffalo to bear, wild fowl from duck to pheasant, and Bohemian pastries. 7 a.m. to midnight, Closed Sun.



Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Mich.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph st. (CE 6-0123). An Alpine setting. Endre Ocskay's violin and orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m. No cabaret tax.

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GEORGE GOBEL, "King of the New Comics," returns to the Empire Room of the Palmer House on Thursday, August 12, topping off a new show of comedy and music. Also featured are Maureen Cannon, The Foot-Notes, the Three Houdys and Charlie Fisk and his orchestra.

Col "FRITZ" RA-6-7722
shows at 8:30 and 12:00 Nightly

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Phil Smidt & Son, 1205 n. Calumet, Hammond, Ind. (Whiting 25 or 26). Fish and seafood with family-style accompaniments. Weekdays 11:45 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun. 1:30-10:30 p.m.



Pickwick Papers (English). Lengthy but delightful depiction of Dickens' first novel.

The picture story **Music till Dawn** occurred to **Jack O'Callaghan** because he listens to the all-night program on his job as a bridge tender.

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West of the Water Tower



Illustrated by Carl Schranz

Loud Sing Cuckoo 4HO7313E

In 1886, Richard Sears discovered there was more money in selling watches by mail than being station agent at a whistle stop in Minnesota. Once he sold enough watches, he found that he needed a man to repair them. An ad in the *Chicago Daily News* lured Alvah C. Roebuck from his job working on watches in a corner of a Hammond, Indiana, delicatessen, and Sears & Roebuck were in business.

Recently there has been a tale going around that illustrates the company's

clutch on splendid traditions concerning timepieces. Shortly after the end of World War II, Sears began to list cuckoo clocks in the catalog: "Fascinating timepieces to delight the entire family. All with hour gongs. Door opens, gaily-colored cuckoo pops out, calls hours, half-hours. 4HO7313E — \$15.50."

Once enough cuckoo clocks were sold, it became necessary to have some of them repaired. A. C. Roebuck had gone to the Happy Watch Works, but the company's current generation of watch experts was accustomed to working on quieter and more portable timepieces. It was not practical to re-

turn each repair job to that "convenient factory" so often mentioned in Sears' catalog, since the cuckoo clocks were made in the Black Forest of Germany.

So Sears scoured Chicago for a cuckoo clock expert, and finally found an elderly Teuton who operated a sort of man-and-a-small-boy cuckoo clock repair works in his home. A deal was made on the spot with the cuckoo fixer.

However, along with the birth rate and television, cuckoo clock sales were one of the great upsurges of the post-war era. There was no question of sabotage in the Schwarzwald or of Sears selling defective merchandise. The

sheer number of clocks sold meant that there was a totally unexpected volume of repairs.

Hundreds of returned clocks, each carefully tagged with the owner's name and address, went to the home of the cuckoo expert over a period of time. The first few came back, but then they stopped. Since Sears customers are a patient lot, it was quite a while before enough complaints accumulated so that a mail order man was asked to check into the matter. Obtaining no satisfaction from phone calls, he went to visit the cuckoo expert. When the cuckoo fixer answered the door, Sears' man said, "Have you got the cuckoo clocks?"

"Ja," was the answer, "I got two thousandt cuckoo clocks. You can take your verdamt cuckoo clocks —"

By now the Sears man could hear them: hundreds of cuckoo clocks whistling (the deluxe model also had a quail call), bonging and cuckooing away. Every room in the house but the bathroom was full of clocks and gaily-colored cuckoos were popping out every few seconds. Actually there were only 517 clocks; it just seemed like two thousand.

Worse yet, all the tags were gone and Sears had not only hundreds of un-repaired cuckoo clocks, but no way of telling who owned them.

Several additional mail order men were put to work on the problem and somehow or other, by careful checking of records and waiting for customers to write in, the mess finally was straightened out. The company hired some men who really knew how to repair

cuckoo clocks, and finally almost all the repaired clocks got back to the right customer.

But there are still a few of the clocks whistling and bonging lonesomely in Sears' repair department.

It Is Written . . .

On the wall of a saloon on north Wells street: "Work is the curse of the drinking class."

The Glib Mag and the Middle Aged Lady Mooch

Almost everyone knows the Maggies, by reputation if not from experience. They are the itinerant peddlers who practice their slick arts among the Mooches, intimating that the stuff they're selling is highest quality but, shhh, stolen.

The call of the species is familiar: "Psst, hey, mister." Then, "D'ya know somebody who could use a brand new gizmo if he got it real cheap? What, hot? Look, there's no serial numbers on it, and besides, the place it came from is fifteen hunnerd miles from here."

Actually their merchandise is neither high quality nor stolen. It all has been obtained legitimately, while the prices they ask — and get — are ridiculously low for what they claim it to be but just as ridiculously high for the junk it is.

Maggie, or Mag, comes from *mag*, a name for cheap linoleum sold by wandering peddlers at the turn of the century. Their merchandise has varied since — now including watches, furs, sweaters, bolts of cloth, jewelry and rugs — and sometimes it's "imported" rather than stolen, but the peddlers are still Maggies. Rugs have been a staple Mag item since 1928. These resemble and are called oriental rugs. In

reality they are domestic cotton imitations.

Mooches, as the term implies, are the suckers who buy from the Mags, believing they are getting a good deal at someone else's expense. The only ones getting a good deal, of course, are the Maggies, whose pay is excellent. They seem to be inherently lazy and will work for only a few days, and then lay off until they are broke again. Sometimes a Maggie will go astray and sell shingles — roofing and siding — for a while.

All glib talkers, the Mags have a remarkable facility for varying their gags according to the situation. The story is told of the discerning Mooch who, when handed an oriental rug by a Maggie, began pulling threads from the pile of the rug. After she had made a small pile of threads on the floor, she said, "This stuff ain't real."

The Maggie walked up to her, yanked some hair from her head, and countered, "Look. It comes out. Does that mean your hair ain't real?" He sold her the rug.

This city is a center for Maggies. Eight or ten noteworthy crews (Mags often team up in crews of two) use the city as a base, while other crews, particularly from the East, work in the area for a few months and then move on.

Most of the local Maggies for years have gathered at Argyle and Sheridan, where they lounge in a group on the sidewalk, or sit in a restaurant, talking business and swapping yarns.

One hot day a Mag came lumbering into the spa, huffing and perspiring. He sat down heavily at the table where the others were drinking phosphates and began a tale.

"Today, I am working in Milwaukee, and I spring my gag on a sweet, middle-aged lady Mooch. I'm telling her of the rare bargain I have for her when she ups and invites me in for a cool drink. Being very hot, and also completely unsuspecting, I accept.

"She sits me down in the living room and bids me wait while she goes and gets some water.

"Just as I am beginning to wonder what is taking her so long, back she comes — with fire in her eyes, a meat cleaver in one hand, and a tattered rug in the other.

"'You thief!' she yells. 'You sold me this rug three years ago! I put it on the floor and this is what happened to it — in seven weeks. This is no more a



real Persian rug than I am. Give me back my money. Give me back the 85 bucks you gypped me outa.' And she swings the meat ax like she is going to slice 85 dollars off my worthless hide.

"'Madame,' I said, recalling the incident she is speaking about and feeling very close to decapitation, 'let me see that rug.'

"She shoves it at me and I make like I'm studying it closely. I am shaking — shaking like a leaf — but I act calm and cool, and keep examining the rug a long time.

"All the time she's looking at me with that 'I've got you now and how are you going to squirm out of this one' look, but I can see that she wonders what I will do. To myself I think all is not lost yet.

"I look at her like this — amazed, shocked — and I say, 'Do you mean to say that you put *this* on the floor?'

"'Of course,' she says, 'what did you expect me to do?' She is still the skeptic, but her voice says she is weakening, so I continue.

"'Do you know what this is?' I ask, to see if she really does. Her expression tips me off she doesn't, so I go on without waiting for an answer. 'Madame, *this is an Armenian wall tapestry!*'

"'A what?'

"'An Armenian wall tapestry. How could you treat it so?' She is dumb-

founded. I tell her now that I know it is a rug for the floor she wants, I am giving her one I brought into the house with me to show her in the first place, saying, 'this should suit your purpose very nicely.'

"'Don't bet,' she says, but I shoulda bet. After much haggling, I part with the rug for a meager hundred and ten — a pittance compared to its real worth."

The Oldest Building Downtown

While fire, finance and the Department of Subways and Superhighways have leveled larger and more celebrated structures, the oldest building in the downtown district has stood for 102 years at the northwest corner of Randolph and Wacker.

This hardy survivor, originally the Lind Block, now is the Sargent building. The Water Tower has received greatest renown for surviving the fire of 1871, but that achievement was

shared by the Lind Block and by two other Loop buildings that have long since disappeared. And the Water Tower, erected in 1869, is a virtual adolescent compared to the white brick structure on the river bank at Randolph. A plaque placed on the south wall by the city in 1937 identifies the Lind Block as having been built in the Sixties, but city directories as early as 1852 list it as being in existence then.

Originally a seven-story building rising 90 feet above what then was Market street, the oldtimer now appears to have only five stories, the lower two being obscured by Wacker drive.

Bird's-Eye Views and Guide to Chicago, published by Rand, McNally & Co. in 1898, had this to say about the Lind Block: "Its history has been uncommonly variable, and it has been by turns the center of active trade, and then the secure retreat of manufacturers, machinists and patent-makers."

Back in its variable history the building had among its occupants the office of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the German-language newspaper that was said to have given the signal for the Haymarket riot.

Today the Sargent building serves as retreat for such firms as DeLeuw Cather & Co., engineers; the Gevaert Company of America, a photographic products firm; the wholesale outlet for Arvin radio and television appliances and the Ken-Lee Hardware company.

Witness of more than a century of change, this patriarch of local architecture looks across Wacker drive on a squalling infant, the Sinclair building, which will be the downtown area's newest temple of commerce when it is finished this year.

Photo by Robert Buchbinder



Why, That Son of a Deviationist

Even political mud-slinging has intellectual overtones at the University of Chicago. During a hotly contested student government election, this epithet was chalked on a wall near the Midway: "Keating is a neo-classist dog."

750 Colored Lights, 1½ Million Gallons of Water

At nine o'clock Clarence Buckingham fountain began spiring its spouts higher into the air, then came alive in shimmering pink and white.

In the control room at the southeast corner of the fountain, Jim Kennedy, running about the broad control panel adjusting levers and throwing quick glances, now up at the fountain and now at various gauges, looked like the mad scientist in early silent movies.

"Be with you in just a minute," he shouted over the din of the pump room below.

He clattered down the steps, returned in a moment to the control room, itself five feet below ground level, came over and sat on a bench.

"It's really something, the ideas people have about who runs this—" he pointed outside thru the narrow window to the dusky purple and yellow grandeur of the fountain. "Truth is, nearly everybody thinks I'm down underneath the fountain in a little room with the four walls covered with light switches. One lady wrote in to the Park District once and asked how I managed to keep afloat down there. I guess they figure I have seaweed instead of hair and do my work in a bathing suit," he chuckled.

"Actually, it's a lot different. Here, I'll show you." He beckoned down the iron staircase.

Huge valves and pipes the thickness of a man's waist were linked to bright green pumps which racketed on as Kennedy gestured.

"These pumps handle 7,000 gallons a minute during the day, but it's 15,000 gallons right now. The fountain holds 1½ million gallons. The lights? C'mere."

He led the way around a ceiling-high board covered with tubes and electric switches. In the rear was a row of what looked like black metal closet doors. On the other side of the two-foot lane were tiers holding black objects roughly the size of automobile batteries.

He opened one of the doors, disclosing a vertical array of what looked like reels of movie film, moving very slowly. Imbedded in each of the two transparent strips was a copper ribbon that followed one edge of the strip, then angled off to the other side.

"The action of this copper thread riding over this little roller here, which



is what we call a potentiometer, combined with these resistors—" he pointed to the batteries "—is what causes the various lights to come on and off. You see here where the thread is working its way over to the other side of the film? Well, that's the dimming effect, and right now the red lights are dimming out. There are 26 of these cases along here for the colored display."

The whole operation is reminiscent of the old nickelodeon idea: a more or less artistic effect produced mechanically. Kennedy led the way back up to the control room.

"There are 750 lights in the display. During the day—I'm on the three to eleven shift now, the other is seven to three—I check all the lights to be sure they're working. I can replace them, but for any electrical repairs I call the electricians.

"So, as you can see here, I haven't really got too much to do with the colored display at night. At nine o'clock I open the big emptying valves to get more water in to the pumps—we use the same water over and over again—and then I use these separate levers here to regulate the pressure for different groups of spouts around the fountain—the high center one goes up to

92 pounds per square inch. As for the lights, I throw a switch and then the whole display is handled automatically down below by just that little copper thread. So you see I don't have to rush around in water up to my knees pushing light switches—thank goodness!

"I can't take any credit for beautiful lighting combinations and the like. I'm just a stationary engineer, working on and off here for 15 years."

Most of the credit for the luminous beauty of the world's largest fountain belongs to Miss Kate Buckingham, who donated it to the Park District in memory of her brother. In 1927, when the fountain was being installed, she expressed the wish that the color combinations achieve as closely as possible the effect of "soft moonlight." With this purpose, and in spite of her advanced age, she spent many nights conferring with technicians and peering thru pieces of colored glass, until the play of water and color pleased her.

Altho the engineer in charge of the show cannot control the colors, he does vary the flow of water thru the 133 jets. The large center jet can send its stream of "soft moonlight" soaring 135 feet into the summer air above Grant park.

Skywatchers Alert: August Is the Month

Mass contacts with beings from outer space are expected momentarily by a small group of skywatchers now nervously standing by. "We've been alerted that August is the month," said John Otto, the wiry young inventor who is the hub of the flying saucer movement here. "Of course, Venutians and Clarionites have appeared before, but never on the scale we expect this month."

"Chicago has been rather slow in getting started. Detroit is way ahead of us," he added ruefully.

In order to prepare local citizens for these interplanetary visits, Otto has



been sponsoring a series of lectures on flying saucers, on the tenth floor at 32 west Randolph. The high point of the series was reached in May when he presented Truman Betherum, the first man to report face-to-face meetings with men from outer space.

Betherum, a stocky, middle-aged ex-construction worker, held his own that night against a Welsh singing society in the next room. An audience of 1,000 sat, stood or clambered on the stage to hear him describe his eleven encounters with the crew of a space ship that landed in the Nevada desert.

In introducing Betherum, Otto told the audience, "He's the salt of the earth. He's the Will Rogers of flying saucers." Looking still a little weather-stained in spite of a year and half on lecture platforms, Betherum began the tale that he has recorded in a book, *Aboard a Flying Saucer*.

During the summer of 1952 he started work as a maintenance mechanic with a road crew on Highway 91 near

Glendale, Nevada. "I was on the swing shift, from 4 p.m. until everything was shipshape for the day crew. This particular night, July 27 or 28, I decided to look around some, so I got in my truck and drove about a mile and a half up the hill.

"Then I parked and took a little snooze. I was startled awake by some mumbling, and found the truck surrounded by eight or ten small-sized men four-feet-eight to five feet tall.

"All but two or three of them wore black-billed caps, jacket and trousers. None of them carried weapons, nor did they try to molest me. I got out of the truck, and the minute my feet hit the ground, I saw something that made my heart pound for the next two days.

"It was a flying saucer — about 300 feet in diameter and six yards deep in the center. No wings or propeller. The ship seemed to be hovering several feet above the brush of the mesa."

One of the men stepped forward and, speaking flawless English, invited Betherum to visit the ship. He escorted him up a narrow passageway, and led him into a lavishly furnished office. There he was welcomed by a black-haired young woman, Captain Aura Rhanes.

She identified herself as from the planet Clarion, a planet very much like the earth, but situated on the opposite side of the sun and thus invisible to us. She said the life span on Clarion was more than a thousand years.

In later interviews the gorgeous Captain Rhanes held out hope to Betherum that he might be the first man from this planet to travel with her crew to outer space.

After the meeting, a group of space enthusiasts gathered in Otto's Sheridan road apartment.

Otto darted about the room with clippings of saucers and other cosmic phenomena. His small mass seemed ready to transfer itself into energy at any moment.

"Interplanetary visitors are nothing new," he said. "As a matter of fact, they've been coming down for centuries. Do you remember Ezekiel's 'wheels within wheels'? Saucers."

He mentioned the strange craft sighted over Evanston in April, 1897. Observers that year debated whether it was a balloon full of San Franciscans headed east, a comet, or "a heavenly vagrant" as the *Tribune* called it.

After World War II, sightings of flying saucers mounted rapidly. The reason, Otto believes, is that other



planets are concerned over our bomb tests. Not all observers, tho, are sure that contacts have actually been made with the men from outer space, and Betherum has been described by some as a man with a lively extraterrestrial imagination.

A young girl sitting near the window in Otto's apartment explained that she had come into flying saucer research only two weeks ago, and had already had a contact.

"Yours was a Venutian, wasn't it, Mary?" Otto asked. "Egg-shaped glasses, bus driver's uniform. We get these contacts over full radio and other ways." He did not elaborate. "The important thing is to be sincere. If you're sincere, you'll be beamed in."

Betherum sat propped up against some sketches of rockets, space ships and nebulae. A young man who had just come in walked over and shook Betherum's hand. The young man said he had been with the 416th Night Fighter Squadron in Pisa, Italy.

"Did you ever hear about 'Foo Fighters'?" he asked. "That's what we used to call these objects we saw back in '45. They only flew at night." He said that he was in the air force reserve and was keeping his eye out for saucers.

Betherum smiled benignly. He was warming up to his second encounter when Otto's phone rang.

"Dorothy?" There was an electric charge to Otto's voice. "At the meeting? What did he look like? . . . Bus driver's uniform . . . blue T-shirt . . ." He put the receiver down in triumph.



Northwest Side Riviera

A handsome row of two and three-flat buildings stands along Virginia avenue, looking very much like the rest of the neighborhood, and like many other middle-class neighborhoods in the residential sections of the city. Of a typical building on the west side of the street, the front yard is scant and neat, with a meaningless miniature hedge around prim grass.

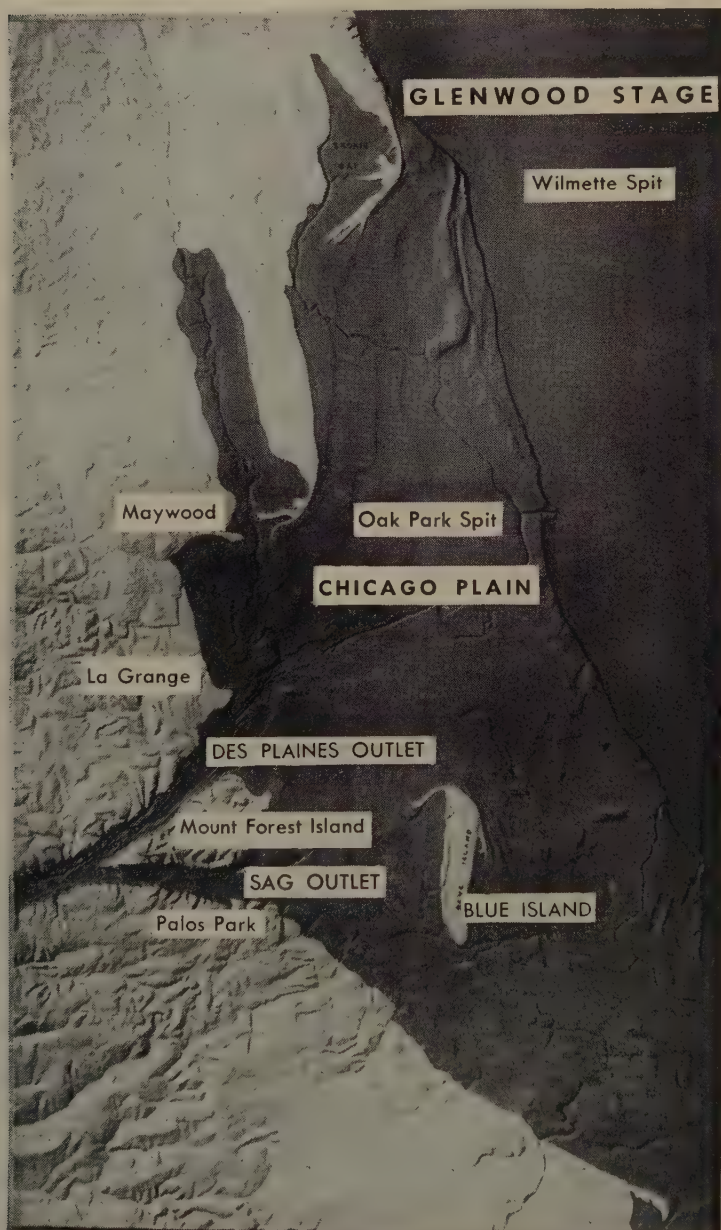
But the back yard is a riverbank, tree-lined and low along the North Branch of the river. And in the summer small boats are to Virginia avenue what sports cars are to other neighborhoods. The trees are so thick there along the banks of the river that from midstream you cannot see that the city is pressing to the water's edge on both sides.



Photos by Sandor Demlinger



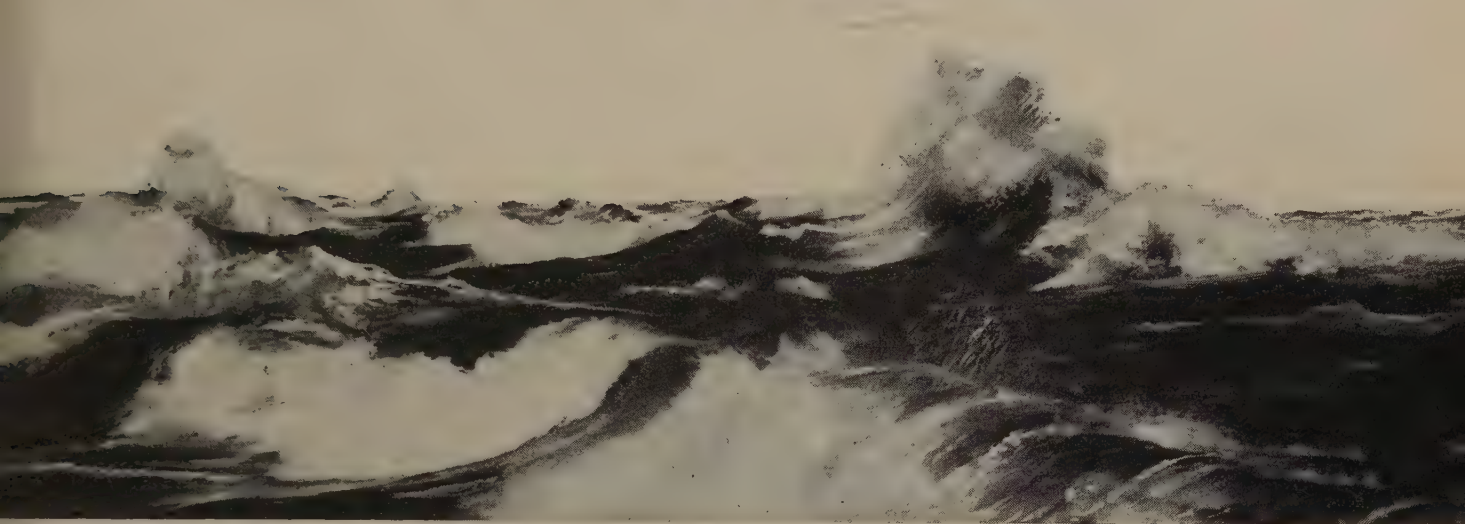
Blue Island was an island, and Oak Park a peninsula of sand, in the watery days when mastodons roamed the metropolitan area . . . much of the city's landscape was etched then by an icy predecessor of Lake Michigan.



The ancient lake covered most of what is now Cook county. This photo of a relief map shows the oldest known stage of Lake Chicago. The outlines of the present lake are indicated by the under-water ridge to the east.



LAKE CHICAGO 15,000 B.C.



by James A. Hallman

Building cities at the bottom of large bodies of water is an activity carried on primarily, but not exclusively, in science fiction novels and comic strips. History and geology disclose at least one instance where a metropolis of some note was erected on the bed of a lake. In this case both the city and the lake were named Chicago, and the founders of the former were prudent enough to wait until the latter had largely drained away before starting their task. It had to be that way, because there were no people around during the lake's most liquid period; it didn't even have any fish.

Lake Chicago came into existence some years ago, about 17,000 to be inexact, and slipped away around 5,000 B.C. Despite the chronological gap between its demise and the rise of the city, the ancient pond influenced its landborne successor considerably. Such geographical names as Stony Island and Ridge avenues, Rosehill cemetery, Blue Island and the Skokie lagoons are

linked directly with the topography of the Lake Chicago era.

Golf courses and graveyards are situated on the sandy soil that formed shoals in the lake. Tobogganists at Palos Park hurtle down a bluff that once would have dumped them deep into icy water. Thruout the metropolitan area are found varied physical vestiges of the 10,000-year history of Lake Chicago.

The lake left behind the nearly level plain that is so well suited to the expansion of the city, port facilities, flat approaches for the railroads, as well as marine entrances and exits thru rivers to Lake Michigan and the Gulf of Mexico. Today's Lake Michigan is actually a remnant, or a later stage, of Lake Chicago.

In a sense, Lake Chicago's history goes back to about a million years ago. Even then the weather was Canada's chief export to the Middle West. And the land to the north was more vicious than today in its climatic emissions. In-

stead of sending down icy air, it provided the real article, in sheets hundreds of miles wide. It was so cold up there that all the snow of winter didn't melt in the summer. It kept piling up and spreading out, gradually turning to ice from melting and refreezing and from the pressure of its own tremendous weight. The glacier formed in this way slid down into Illinois three times. Each time, over the course of many thousands of years, it would keep advancing until the weather warmed up, then melt back until it turned cold again. The last big ice invasion created Lake Chicago.

The glacier carried with it "drift" — the dirt and rock scraped from the ground as it moved along. When the warm weather came and the glacier's advance stopped, it dropped this loot at its edge, forming ridges of land known as terminal moraines. These moraines were to become the shores of Lake Chicago. They fenced off a basin including much of what is now Cook

county, Lake Michigan, northwestern Indiana, eastern Wisconsin and the western part of the lower peninsula of Michigan.

Then, as the glacier ebbed away to the north, its melting waters were trapped within the ring of moraines and Lake Chicago was a fact. It was not yet a name, of course. Modern geologists provided the nomenclature for the lake and its contemporary topography. In addition to the water, the departing glacier left an even bed of drift on the plain, covering the rough underlying Niagara limestone that was a product of a still earlier epoch. The lake then proceeded to etch its own lifelines on Chicago's palm.

Over the centuries the level of Lake Chicago rose and fell in response to changes in the climate and shifts in the earth's crust. However, it had three major stages of relative stability and each of these created its own landmarks.

In its infancy, the lake's waters kept rising until they reached a level about 60 feet above that of present-day Lake Michigan. Then they found a hole in the moraine dike near what is now the village of Summit and poured out of the basin to the southwest, forming the grandfather of the Des Plaines river and continuing south thru the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico. Its level now limited by the Des Plaines outlet, Lake Chicago stabil-

ized at the level of its first stage. Geologists call this the Glenwood stage, because the shoreline passed thru what is now the community of that name near Chicago Heights.

In the Glenwood stage, Lake Chicago had a second outlet which ran straight west from Worth and joined the Des Plaines channel around Lemont. The Calumet-Sag channel now follows this route. The two outlets and the lake itself bounded a triangular island about six miles long and four miles wide. Shown on geological maps as Mt. Forest Island, this ancient height is the site of the Argonne forest.

Beach lines from the Glenwood stage begin in the Chicago area at the north end of Winnetka, circling around Norwood Park to Oak Park. At this point a shallow bay extended north where the upper section of the Des Plaines river now runs its course. The Glenwood beach picks up again at Maywood and runs south thru La Grange, meeting the Des Plaines outlet southwest of McCook. The south beach left the Sag outlet about two miles west of Worth and extended southeast past Homewood, Chicago Heights, Glenwood and Dyer, Indiana. Within the lake at its Glenwood stage was Blue Island, so named because of the color of the clay it yielded later to early brick-makers. The island rose well above the water along Western avenue from 87th street south to around 135th. Geologists regard it as an exceptional deposit of

drift. It's about a mile wide today, but was probably much broader during its actual insularity.

Waves and drifting sand carved bluffs, bars and spits on the plain during the Glenwood stage. Oak Park and Wilmette are located on spits built up in those early days.

In its first phase, Lake Chicago was a lifeless sea. Its water, derived from the glacier, brought along no living things. For a long time Chicago had been a refrigerated wasteland. In fact, icebergs floated in the Glenwood sea, depositing boulders on the plain as they melted. What is now suburban Cook county did have some residents, however. Excavations along the Glenwood beaches near Dyer have uncovered part of a mastodon skeleton. These big animals, which resembled elephants, roamed all over the continent before their extinction about 10,000 years ago. As the weather warmed during the lake's later stages, land creatures and vegetation increased. Peat deposits show that there were forests, and abundant remains of clams and other shellfish have been found along beaches of later lake levels.

No human beings were on hand to swim at Oak Park when it was surrounded by beaches, but some of our hirsute ancestors may have taken up residence during the lake's declining days.

After the Glenwood stage of the lake had prevailed for a geological while,

Photos by Russell V. Hamm

Illustrated by Sue Richert





The toboggan slide at Palos Park is built on a slope that was Lake Chicago's south bank 17,000 years ago. This is one of the very few rises in the flatlands that make up the Chicago plain. Each of them is significant in the history of the lake.

Footprints of a glacier were uncovered when bedrock was struck during excavation of the Sanitary canal 60 years ago. Striations in the rock were cut by boulders that were dragged along under the powerful, slow-moving mass of ice.





the level began to recede. Water rushing thru the Des Plaines outlet cut its bed deeper and tended to empty the basin faster. Meanwhile the glacier continued to retreat and the lake found another outlet at the Straits of Mackinac. These factors cut the level of Lake Chicago until it stood for a relatively short time at the Bowmanville stage, about ten feet about the surface of Lake Michigan today. But the lake was soon to rise again. The glacier either started forward again or retreated further and allowed the earth's depressed crust to rise; in either case it pushed the water level up once more. This time it settled at its second major stage, the Calumet, about 20 feet lower than the Glenwood.

New insight into the chronology of Lake Chicago has been gained thru the recent development of the radioactive carbon 14 test. Before this method was discovered, geologists were reluctant to estimate the dates of prehistoric events within even thousands of years; now they are calling them closer and revising some of their earlier guesses. According to Dr. J Harlen Bretz, professor emeritus of geology at the University of Chicago and a research associate of the Illinois Geological survey, this type of testing fixes the beginning of the Calumet stage at about 11,500 years ago.

A considerable portion of the old lake bed was exposed in the Calumet stage. What had been Skokie bay, west of the Wilmette spit, was now slightly above water. The two islands, Mt. Forest and Blue, were now one. A sliver of land called Lanes Island rose in the bay where Worth is located. A long, narrow sandbar came to the surface in Edgewater, Rogers Park and Evanston. It has been named Rosehill for the cemetery at its southern end. Ridge avenue runs along the top of it for several miles. The shore of the Calumet stage ran thru Jefferson Park, Cragin, Austin, Riverside, Palos Park and Thornton.

Continued deepening of the Chicago outlet and possibly the opening or re-opening of other drains elsewhere drew Lake Chicago down to its last stage, about 20 feet above the present level of Lake Michigan. Flow thru the outlet grew sluggish as this period progressed, and new sand bars gradually blocked it completely. Lake Chicago began draining to the north. The third stage was named Toleston after the little Indiana community on its edge which is now part of Gary. The Toleston beach starts in Evanston just north of Northwestern university. Leaving the suburb at Clark street it curves around the Rosehill bar. The shoreline is elusive until it becomes plain again between Garfield Park and Hawthorne, then joins the north outlet. On the south it extends from the Calumet-Sag channel thru Riverdale and Dolton to the Indiana shore of Lake Michigan.

MT. FOREST-BLUE ISLAND grew largely to the east, taking in Chicago Lawn, South Englewood, Burnside, Fernwood and Kensington. Stony Island jutted from the water at 93rd street, north of today's Lake Calumet. This island actually was a low hilltop of the limestone bedrock which withstood the onslaught of the glaciers. Its stone discloses many scars of the attacks. Dates of the Toleston stage are indefinite, even by geological reckoning. It probably existed between 10,000 and 8,000 years ago.

After this final stage of Lake Chicago ended, the waters underwent further irregular recessions until the present Lake Michigan was formed around 1,000 B.C. As Lake Chicago disappeared, shallow depressions in its bed formed today's Lake Calumet and Wolf Lake, sand bars probably helping trap the waters. Other sandbars forming

along the present Lake Michigan shore cut off escape for much of the old lake's water and it found new outlets in the Chicago and Calumet rivers.

When Ft. Dearborn was built, much of the Chicago plain remained a swamp. Had portions of the plain been just a few feet lower, Lake Michigan might still be draining naturally to the Gulf of Mexico thru the Chicago outlet. But the flat land rises enough near the inner margin of the moraine to separate the Chicago area into two distinct drainage basins — one to the Illinois river, the other to Lake Michigan.

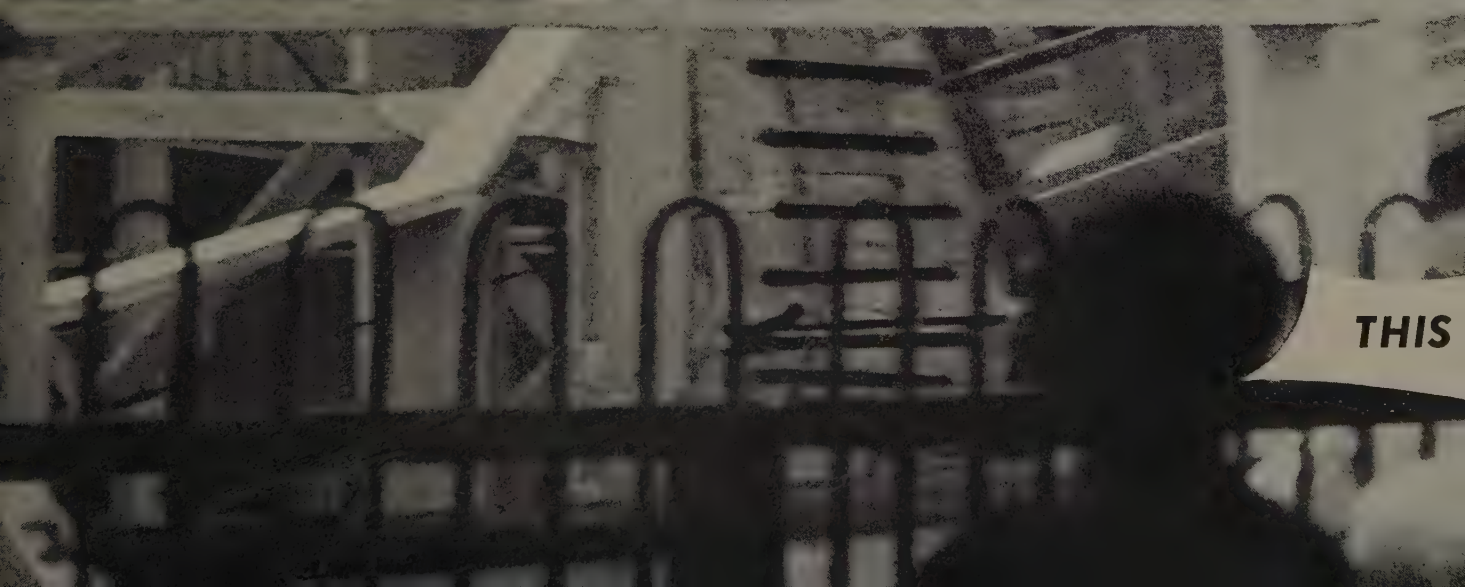
EXPLORERS AND PIONEERS found the short portage across this divide from the south branch of the Chicago river to the Des Plaines highly useful in their journeys to the Mississippi valley. Joliet and Marquette used it in 1673, to be followed later by LaSalle and others. Engineers found little difficulty in modern times when they crossed the divide at Summit as they built the now-abandoned Illinois and Michigan canal and its replacement, the Sanitary and Ship canal. When the Sanitary canal was opened in 1900, man finished a job nature had started, and Lake Michigan began to drain thru the old Chicago outlet.

Lake Chicago was not the only sea to inundate the metropolitan area and leave its wealth to modern man. During the Silurian Period, about 375,000,000 years ago, a warm, salt sea covered the region from the south — and Chicago had a tropical climate. Coral was abundant in the sea, which accounts for the limestone bedrock of the area. The tiny coral animals would excrete carbonate of lime to anchor themselves. When they died, succeeding generations would continue the process. The reefs they built house the limestone quarries of today.

Chicagoans like to tell their out-of-town visitors, "If you don't like the weather, wait a few minutes and it'll change." Wait a few million years and it might even change back to glacial conditions. According to Harry E. Changnon, curator of exhibits in geology at the Chicago Natural History museum, a drop of just a few degrees in the average temperature would be enough to recreate the situation wherein the winter's snow would not melt in the north.

"But don't worry," he says. "It's been getting warmer lately, not colder."

THIS IS NOT CINERAMA



THIS

RIVERVIEW



Photos by David Jackson

As many as 50,000 people a day, looking for a touch of midsummer madness at popular prices, come to the world's largest and Chicago's only amusement park. Riverview, built 51 years ago along the north branch of the river at Belmont and Western, is 70 acres of bizarre architecture wrapped around two miles of midway that includes all the familiar rides and games, and every year a few more novelty devices. There are five roller coasters, the biggest and most traveled of them being the Bobs, above. Its geometric skeleton rises up out of the merry-making crowds and barkers' yawps as a symbol of amusement park thrills, as traditional as cotton candy.





Tickets to the freak show are sold by the midget in the outsize bop cap.

ADMISSION
25¢

ADMISSIC 8 THIS
5 COL ONES REVICE
Please Present COUPONS DIRECT
To Ticket Taker

The "nudist colony" the girls were caught ogling in a penny arcade is populated solely by ants.





Imported from England, the Rotor is a spinning hollow cylinder in which centrifugal force holds riders to the sides after the floor is lowered.



A surprise for girls and a delight for male observers are the compressed air jets concealed in the floor of a Riverview fun house.



Kewpie doll or piggy bank are yours if she can't guess your age within two years.



Parachute ride is 220 feet high. It was built in 1936 as the first one 'in the world, later imitated at New York world's fair of 1939 and at other parks. The couple above have just experienced the jolt that marks the end of a "jump."

A variation on the roller coaster theme, the Flying Turns pulls cars uphill on tracks, then lets them find their own way down the twisting, semi-enclosed tunnel. The boy and girl below hang on tightly in the middle of a Flying Turn.





Inscrutable Aladdin looks down from his Castle, largest of the Riverview fun houses.



The Roll-O-Plane etched a ball of fire in this time exposure.



Another imported ride, the Flying Cars, turns motorists upside down.



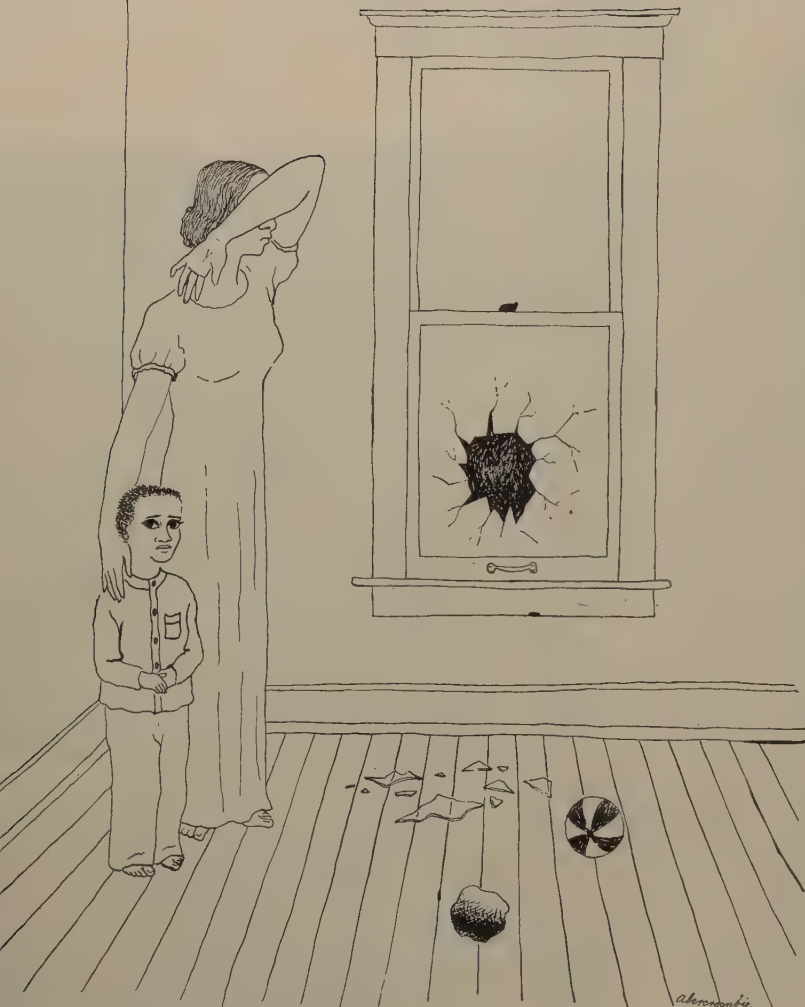
Tunnel extends an invitation to cuddle for couple entering its portals.



Movable floor in Hades fun house poses a problem for boy and girl.

The horses on the majestic old merry-go-round were hand carved in Philadelphia almost 50 years ago by a group of Italian Swiss woodcarvers. They worked for two years on the task. The German immigrants who built Riverview patterned their carousel after one in the Berlin Tiergarten.





Illustrated by Gertrude Abercrombie

Trumbull Park: a chronology of terror

On July 30, 1953, the family of Donald Howard moved into Trumbull Park Homes — the first Negroes in the 15-year-old Chicago Housing Authority project at 103rd and Bensley. Their moving in, under CHA policy of racial integration of residents in all its projects, was followed by riots and a year of sustained disorder that has crystalized the problem of non-discriminatory housing. These are the highlights of that year:

August. 9-10 — Mobs of 2,000 and 1,500 persons stage two violent demonstrations protesting Howards' residency, throwing rocks and setting off fireworks. Police set up around-the-clock guard totalling 750 men. **27-28** — Five fires are set in the vicinity of the project, one burning out a tavern. Despite police, outbursts of violence are continual. During first mob disorders 15 are arrested; 59 during whole month.

October. 13 — Three more Negro families move in under heavy police guard, and police force at project is increased to 1,050 men. **14** — City council authorizes creation of special citizens' committee to recommend ways of ending racial tensions in housing projects. Members include aldermen and representatives of real estate, community planning and savings and loan associations. **29** — Howards' eviction is ordered by CHA on grounds of fraudulent application: failure to inform CHA that Mrs.

Howard was working when family moved in. With cooler weather, large-scale disturbances taper off; arrests fall from 19 in previous month to four in October.

January. 20 — Eviction of Howards is ordered in Municipal court on suit filed by CHA after family failed to move by Nov. 30 deadline. Howards appeal to Illinois Appellate court. Incidents continue thruout winter, consisting mostly of irritating aerial bombs, hurled bricks and minor fires.

February. 1 — Report of special committee is made, recommending six points for easing racial tensions. Included are programs of information and education prior to Negroes' moving into all-white projects; city council resolution against racial discrimination and assurances by real estate and lending groups that normal credit terms will be retained in neighborhoods where Negroes move in if property is kept up. It reaffirms principle of non-discrimination in housing projects, but says that Trumbull Park situation was handled badly by CHA and recommends that Howards, who have become a symbol of racial tension, be moved out. **17** — An alliance of six improvement associations presents Mayor Kennelly with a petition bearing 17,000

signatures asking limitation of police detail at Trumbull Park, alleging lack of protection in other areas. **25** — Police Commissioner O'Connor promises stepped-up police action "to bring Trumbull Park situation to a conclusion." Four persons are arrested during month — on Feb. 14.

March. 17 — Mayor Kennelly issues statement declaring his position is that the police department should exert every effort to prevent violence at Trumbull Park or elsewhere. **19** — 250 pickets march around city hall for an hour, protesting Trumbull Park disorders and asking for impartial law enforcement. Delegation from Chicago Negro Chamber of Commerce, sponsor of picketing, visits Mayor Kennelly, Commissioner O'Connor and State's Attorney Gutknecht.

April. 26 — CHA criticizes city's handling of disorders and demands investigation, saying riots were planned. **30** — Howards voluntarily move out of project while appeal of eviction order is still pending. Nine Negro families remain.

June. 3 — Trumbull Park Tenants' council, representing residents in project, sends letter to Mayor Kennelly and Commissioner O'Connor, demanding stricter enforcement of laws dealing with disorders and more vigorous prosecution of offenders in courts. **14** — Three more Negro families move into project during week.

"When the bombs go off, we tell them it's fireworks"

by Robert H. Elliott

Gizzie King will be five years old in December. Like most small boys, he is impatient to grow up. He believes that if he were older he could get outdoors and play with other children more often.

So far Gizzie's only playmates have been his little brother, Beanie, who is three, and his two-year-old sister, Jan. He has another little brother, Keith. But Keith is only six months old, and Gizzie has not found him much of a playmate.

There are other children in the neighborhood, but Gizzie doesn't get to meet them very often. He doesn't know it, but when he does meet them, Gizzie and the other children are very carefully watched. What they do when they get together is a matter of deep concern to many people Gizzie has never seen or heard of.

When Gizzie was born, he was named Herman King Jr. Beanie's real name is Ira. They are the two oldest children of Mr. and Mrs. Herman King. Until last October they led a very ordinary life in an overcrowded two-room apartment on Ellis avenue near 63rd street.

In October the Kings moved into Trumbull Park Homes. They moved, together with two other Negro families, under a police guard, and since then their lives have been lived under a state of siege.

The Trumbull Park riots had begun two months earlier when the Donald

Howard family moved into the project. The presence of the Kings and the ten Negro families which followed them in the period until May brought no noticeable change in the situation.

Since October the police and squadrols, bombs and fireworks have become important fixtures in the life of the King family. It is doubtful that Gizzie King can remember when he was not always in their presence.

There are always a few officers stationed in front of the house. Every visitor is questioned as to his identity and his purpose in being there. The procedure is repeated when he leaves, and all is carefully noted in the policeman's logbook.

A police shanty is located just 20 yards from the Kings' back door. When the family goes outside the project, it is in a squadrol. They return the same way.

When Gizzie, Beanie and Jan are let out to play in the back yard, there is always at least one policeman close by watching every move they make. The children have accepted the presence of the officers. Their mother, Carolyn King, says they apparently have no idea of why the police are there.

"At night, when the bombs go off, we tell them it's fireworks like the Fourth of July. For a while they seemed to enjoy hearing them go off. You know how boys are — anything that makes a

lot of noise. Lately they haven't paid any attention to the bombs. At least, they haven't asked any more questions, and they haven't seemed scared."

The bombs stopped briefly after the Donald Howard family moved from the project in April, and started again about a week later.

During the winter months, Gizzie got out-of-doors only on very rare occasions. Mrs. King was pregnant and unable to supervise the children closely once they hit the yard. And it was no time to take unnecessary chances.

"But we still felt that maybe by spring and by the time the new baby came, all this mess would have blown over."

With spring the disturbances took on new life. The bombs and fireworks which had been exploding all winter on the project perimeter were augmented by yelling, jeering mobs of sometimes as many as 200 people.

Until they moved, the Donald Howard family were the main target of the mob's attack. Their windows were broken dozens of times. Mrs. Howard was stoned going to and from the store and, on two occasions, when she attended mass at St. Kevin's, a few blocks from the project at 105th and Torrence.

The night Keith was born, police had to fight thru the mob to get Mrs. King to a squadrol waiting to take her to the hospital.

"I was in labor," she recalls. "I knew the people were there, but I couldn't

think about them and I don't think I believed they were after me.

"Later on my husband and the police told me how they had to fight that mob to get me thru. They said there was one woman . . . when they said I was going to have a baby, she said, 'Let her have it here.' I think if I'd realized what was going on I would've died right there."

While Mrs. King was in the hospital, her husband stayed home from his job as a surgical attendant at the old Marine hospital to be with the children.

"One night Gizzie asked me, 'Daddy, what is a nigger?' I'm sure he never heard that word before we moved here. We never use it and I don't think he learned it from any of the kids in the old neighborhood."

"Gizzie didn't get out very much when we were over there, either," Mrs. King explained. "There wasn't any yard to speak of and it wasn't the kind of neighborhood you'd just let a four-year-old boy run loose in — too much traffic and such. But when Gizzie did get outside he got along fine."

Gizzie never told anyone where he learned that word. His memory is a small boy's memory and he probably doesn't know himself where he heard it.

He does remember the day "a big boy came in the yard and hit me. I told him to go away and he ran."

The "big boy" was about six or seven years old and not much larger than Gizzie, according to Mrs. King.

"I don't think there was anything to it. Maybe Gizzie said something to him, or maybe somebody put him up to it. I don't think kids will just up and do things like that."

"I was in the kitchen when I heard Gizzie crying. When I got to the door this boy was running out of the yard and there was this white woman who lives back of us telling him to get away from here."

"I saw what you did. Now you get away from there," she said. It wasn't her boy, but she didn't seem to like what he did. She didn't say anything to me, tho."

That was the only time Gizzie has come even close to the experience the adults go thru every day. The rides in the squadrol are adventures to him and Beanie. And nothing else seems to have made much impression on him.

Occasionally when Gizzie and Beanie are playing in the yard, other children from the neighborhood will come and play with them.

"But they don't stay long. Somebody comes and gets them and usually they don't come back again. Sometimes I think if I let the boys out of the yard, maybe they'd get to running with the rest of the kids and things would be all right."

"But I'm afraid to try it. Still, something's got to be done. You just can't keep a four-year-old boy under your nose all the time, especially with three other kids in the house."

Mrs. King is still certain that "once these people get to know us, if they ever give themselves a chance — I think they'll like us, or at least accept us. The truth is, I think most of them are just as frightened as we are. The bombs keep them awake just as much as they do us."

"Every now and then somebody will nod or smile like they want to be friendly, but mostly I think they're afraid to be nice. Some of them have



had stones thru their windows, too, you know."

Shortly after she returned from the hospital, Mrs. King made a trip to the grocery store across the street from the project on 106th street. It was late afternoon and her children were taking their naps.

"When I came out of the store I saw this boy coming along on the project side of the street. He was about 13, I guess. Well, when he saw me he stopped."

"I was a little disturbed. Some of them about that age are the worst, you know. But the police were there, so I figured he wouldn't be likely to do anything and I came on across the street."

"When I got to the curb, the boy smiled and said, 'Good afternoon, Mrs. King,' and he went on before I could say anything. What do you make of that?"

"Some of the girls speak when I'm out in the yard with the kids. Now teenagers know what's going on out here. Still some of them have gone out of their way to be polite."

DEBORAH BROWN is a lively, almost over-active young lady of three, and she is just a little bit big for her age. She has a sister, Cheryl, who is just half Debbie's age and almost twice as small. A new addition to the family is on the way.

Like Gizzie King, who lives a little more than a block away in the Trumbull Park project, Debbie finds the junior member of her family something less than adequate as a playmate.

Unlike Gizzie, Deborah is used to playing outdoors with numbers of children, and she appears fairly determined that her new surroundings won't change things.

The Frank Browns moved into Trumbull Park in April. Like the Kings, they live on the interior of the project and have not been the direct targets of anti-Negro feeling. But the ever-present police guard, and the bombs, have become a part of their daily lives.

Only the bombs have had any noticeable effect upon Debbie. If she is asleep when they start — usually around nine in the evening — she wakes up and cries. More than once she has run to the door or a window screaming demands that the noise stop.

Her mother, Evelyn, calms her down by telling her the bombs are just fireworks, "but sometimes I wonder if she doesn't have just a tiny idea what it's all about."

During the day, Debbie behaves as she always has. She plays in the yard. Frequently white children from the neighborhood come into the yard and play with her.

"A day or two after we moved in I let Debbie out in the yard," her mother said. "The next thing I knew she was way up in the next block. One of the policemen said it would be all right to let her out. He said he would watch her."

Debbie's relationships with the other children have been smooth all along. During her first few days in the project dozens of children came over to play. Some were soon dragged away by parents or older brothers and sisters; some failed to show up again; others still come by almost regularly.

"Those first few days had me worried," Mrs. Brown recalls. "Most of the kids who came around were full of questions."

"I think some of them were sent by

their parents to find out about us. Six- and seven-year-old kids just don't ask what kind of furniture you've got, what kind of work you do, where you come from, do you go to church? Kids just don't ask that kind of question.

"One of them wanted to know if Debbie would be going to Sunday school. I said 'yes' and she smiled and said 'that's good.'

"There was one girl — she was about eleven — out of the clear blue she said, 'You know, Mrs. Brown, I've got an aunt over in Racine Homes project. They've got colored and Mexicans and everything over there and they get along fine. They don't have no trouble. We go over there to visit all the time and nobody bothers us.'

"Now that's a little girl talking. These kids know what is going on. Before she left she said, 'I hope you like it here, Mrs. Brown. It's usually pretty nice, if you can put up with the trains at night — and the bombs, of course.'"

Except for that girl, the Browns and the other Negro families in Trumbull have received no encouragement from the people within the project.

"The children are the only ones out here who act halfway human at all. They at least behave like you expect kids to behave."

There is a slide a few doors up the street from the Brown home.

"Once when we were waiting for the squadrol to take us out of the project, Debbie saw some kids on the slide. She wanted to slide, too. She broke away and climbed up there with the others.

"Some of the bigger white kids pulled the little ones away and Debbie had it to herself for a while. I don't think she even missed them. Anyway, they were beginning to drift back when we had to leave."

One May afternoon Mrs. Brown took the children with her on a visit with new Negro arrivals in the project. Such visits have become almost ritual among the Negro families there. A few doors from her home, Mrs. Brown was hit by a rock.

The thrower was a 13-year-old boy. "I saw him throw it. I complained to the police, but they didn't want to do anything. They said, after all, he's only 13. I suppose maybe it was nothing to get excited about, but suppose he had hit one of the children and, after all, I am pregnant.

"Now what do you suppose they would have done if Debbie threw a rock and hit a white woman, pregnant or not?

"Well, anyway, the boy said he didn't throw the rock, and then he said he was sorry he threw it."

Altho Debbie and Cheryl were both present at that incident, neither one of them was upset by it. Debbie has never

said a word about it. She has continued going her own way, making friends as fast as she can under the watchful eyes of her parents, the neighbors and the police, none of whom appear to concern her very much.

IN HIS MOTHER'S WORDS, "Teddy Jackson is as big a roughneck as any boy can be at two years old."

His parents are Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Jackson. They moved into Trumbull Park in March. Teddy immediately became the center of attraction for most of the children in the neighborhood.

LaVerne Jackson recalls that during their first few weeks in the project, the Jackson home was full of the neighbors' children.

"I fed them and gave them candy and we got along fine. A lot of them came around and asked ridiculous questions about our furniture and clothes and things like that. I'd let Teddy out in the yard and the first thing I knew Teddy was way up the street somewhere.

"The kids would be over first thing in the morning, wanting to know if Teddy could come out and play. If the weather was bad they'd come indoors and watch television."

When the children were in the yard, the neighbors would stand in their doorways or at the windows and watch.

"You could see they didn't like their kids playing with Teddy, but they never said anything to me. Sometimes they'd send older kids after the little ones, but the next day they'd be right back.

"One little boy was playing inside with Teddy one day and I gave them both some candy. His big brother came in and told me his mother didn't want him to have it. Since then I make them go ask if it's all right before I give them anything to eat. They always come back and say it's all right. Half the time I think they're lying, but how am I supposed to know if their folks won't tell me?"

Teddy has a lot of toys. They are one of the main attractions for the other children.

"But Teddy's spoiled," his mother says. "He hasn't learned how to share his toys with other children. And when he wants something, he just takes it. He'll fight if he can't get it."

One of Teddy's favorite playthings is a huge rocking horse. The horse also struck the fancy of a husky, tow-headed five-year-old who is considered the terror of the block by many project mothers. He has been known to send boys home crying who were half again his size.

"I saw Joey out in the yard with Teddy. I didn't think much about it because he was always out there. Then I heard Teddy tell Joey to get off the horse and right away I said to myself this was no time for Teddy to get in a fight. Besides Joey could break Teddy's neck if he wanted to.

"I went to the window where I could watch and there was Joey on the horse and Teddy about to have a fit.

"Then all of a sudden Teddy reached out and hit Joey just as hard as he could. I was sure Joey was going to tear him apart, but he didn't. He just got off the horse and looked at Teddy and said, 'Teddy, you and me are friends. We don't fight.'

"Then he helped Teddy on the horse and went off and played somewhere else.

"You can bet I was happy Teddy got off so easy. I guess all those other mamas behind those curtains breathed easy, too. I know they were watching. I hate to think what might have happened if I'd had to go out there and pull Joey off of Teddy. All those women would've been on me in a second, cops or no cops."

So far it has not been necessary for any of the Negro mothers at Trumbull to interfere in the affairs of their children. The youngsters have gone their ways making the best of what they don't even know is a bad situation.





Samuel Carson, founder.

Carson Pirie Scott

by ox-cart to State & Madison

*A friendly rival helped a great retail store
in a crisis half-way thru its first century*

by Russell Freeburg

Three Carsons, eleven Piries, nine Scotts, three MacLeishes and 100 years ago, there was founded in La Salle, Illinois, a department store which has come to occupy the world's busiest corner and rank as one of its great mercantile institutions. The MacLeishes never got into the name of the big State street landmark, but they, too, have worked with the other families in maintaining its almost unique record of a full century under the same ownership and management. Perhaps in compensation, the MacLeish clan has gained a distinction of its own. One of its number has achieved world-wide renown in a field quite different from retailing. He is the poet Archibald, son of Andrew, one of the company's founders, and brother of Bruce, its present chairman of the board. The Carsons and the Piries have been kinsmen, as well as partners, over the past century, a phenomenon brought about when two of the founders, John T. Pirie and Samuel Carson, married each other's sisters.

The history of Carson Pirie Scott and Co. was profoundly influenced by one who had none of those surnames; nor was he a MacLeish. He was John G. Shedd, chairman of the board of Marshall Field and Co., and he was primarily responsible for the establishment of his perennial competitors at the corner of State and Madison.

The names of Carson, Pirie and Scott were linked first not in Chicago nor elsewhere in Illinois, but in Newry, in

the north of Ireland. There John Pirie and Samuel Carson worked together in a dry goods store owned by Pirie's grandfather before emigrating to the United States. And a younger colleague of theirs was Robert Scott. In 1856 he and his brother, George, joined the Carson and Pirie enterprise after it had been moved to Amboy, a town about 30 miles north of La Salle that served as north division headquarters for the Illinois Central railroad. The arrival of the Scotts enabled the firm to expand, and by 1864 it had stores in such thriving northern Illinois communities as Galena, Mendota, Polo and Sterling. The problem of supplying them led to establishment of a central buying office in Chicago. This office soon became a wholesale branch of the firm, and, like its counterpart at Marshall Field's, for many years did more business than the retail division. The wholesale houses boomed as small retail stores mushroomed on the frontier, but died out after improved transportation had provided direct links between the manufacturers and the small retailers. Carson's wholesale activities are now confined to the floor covering field. In 1924 they supplied the new Palmer House with 70,000 yards of carpeting.

Establishment of the central buying office in Chicago caused Carson, Pirie and Scott to look in this direction for retail trade, too. In 1867 Andrew MacLeish joined the firm and opened its first Chicago store at 136 Lake street. The small town stores were then sold



Building at 118-120 south State was the store's first location on the main stem, from 1869 to the fire of '71.



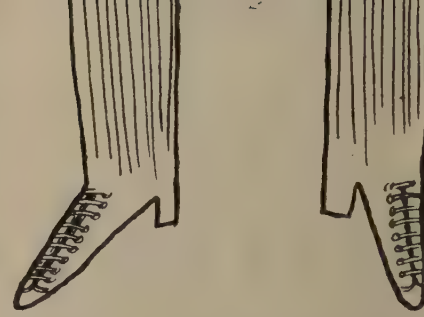
First permanent location after the fire was on the West Side at Madison and Peoria, from 1874 to 1887.



Site in 1900: southwest corner of State and Washington.

Present building at State and Madison, built in 1903, was designed by Louis H. Sullivan, a forefront figure in Chicago school of architecture.





Illustrated by Harry Gans

History of local transportation is reflected in the vehicles that have linked Carson's with its customers. Ox-carts were used in 1874 when an epidemic of animal influenza swept horses from the city's streets.

Forty-five years ago the horse-drawn bus transported patrons from North Western station to the wholesale and retail stores.



In 1912 it was supplanted briefly by a fleet of electric buses equipped with a new kind of storage battery invented by Thomas A. Edison. The inventor stands alongside a Carson's bus in this old photo from the store's mementos.

one by one and Carson's became a Chicago fixture. It moved to its first State street location in 1869, was burned out by the fire of 1881, sojourned on the West Side for a while, and then returned to the Loop. By 1883 it was back on State street, where it was destined to remain, thru the intervention of friendly rival Shedd. Shedd apparently acted primarily to help his pal H. Gordon Selfridge, who earlier had been with Field's and later established a very successful store of his own in London.

The full story is related in a memo left by Shedd which begins as follows: "Toward the end of July, 1904, I had a call at my office from H. Gordon Selfridge, who, during the course of our conversation, confided to me that on account of financial stress, which had not been fully anticipated by him, he had found it necessary to make an arrangement that would alleviate this condition. He had accordingly made a verbal contract with Mr. Otto Young, then proprietor and manager of The Fair Store, to sell him controlling interest in the business of H. G. Selfridge and Co., doing business on the southeast corner of Madison and State streets, which business had been taken over by Mr. Selfridge as of June 11, 1904. Mr. Selfridge evidenced to me that this arrangement was not to his liking, but concluded it was good judgement to accept the conditions imposed by Mr. Young as it gave him the privilege of ultimately rebuying (within a certain number of years) control of the business which was then to be disposed of to Mr. Young, if he could make sufficient money out of the business to accomplish this result.

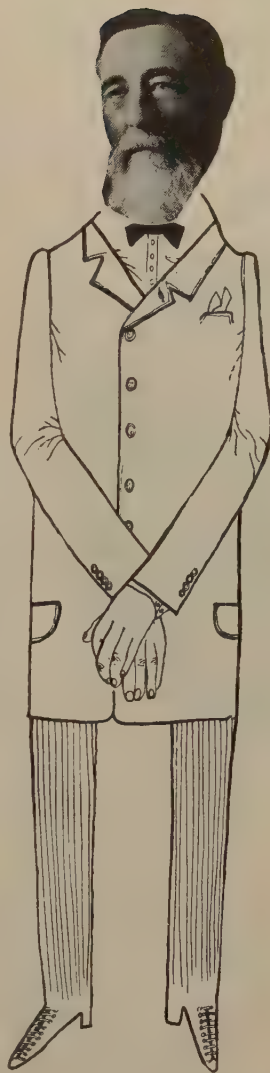
"As I was starting from our retail store the following morning about 11

o'clock, I chanced to meet Mr. John Pirie, head of the house of Carson Pirie Scott and Co. . . . Having in mind the attitude of Mr. Selfridge and the knowledge that the store then occupied by Carson Pirie Scott and Co. at the southwest corner of State and Washington streets had been sold to Hillman's and consequently they had for some months been seeking a new location without success, it occurred to me as a friendly act that I might negotiate between Mr. Pirie and Mr. Selfridge the sale of the Selfridge store to Carson Pirie Scott and Co. I accordingly invited Mr. Pirie to my office on the fifth floor of our retail building. On my intimation that I had something I wanted to point out to him he accompanied me . . .

"I then stated to him that if the proposition was agreeable from his point of view, I believed he could buy out Mr. Selfridge. He assured me the matter had been exhausted and he would not care to take it up, but upon my assurance that being a friend of both I believed it might be possible to bring them together, and armed as I was with the knowledge imparted to me by Mr. Selfridge the previous evening, I convinced Mr. Pirie that if he would allow me to negotiate as a friend of both I would undertake the matter immediately."

Shedd went on to record that he asked Pirie to telephone his son, Samuel Carson Pirie. Within half an hour it had been arranged that Selfridge, the younger Pirie and Shedd should meet immediately in the consultation rooms of the Illinois Trust Safe Deposit Co. He continued: "I secured three rooms, occupying the center room myself, Mr. Selfridge the one on the right, Mr. Pirie the one on the left, and opened the question as to the possibilities. Within possibly a half hour's time, I had arranged with Mr. Selfridge that on condition of Carson Pirie Scott accepting the business of Selfridge and Co. as of June 11, 1904 (the date of his purchase) that he would sell the property for a bonus of \$250,000. Mr. Pirie immediately offered \$150,000. These figures I noted on a scrap of paper, and after some negotiations they compromised on \$200,000 . . . Selfridge and Pirie acknowledged consummation of the contract except that Selfridge had not advised Mr. Young of what he desired to do."

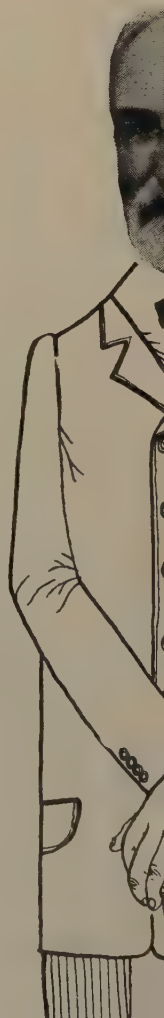
According to Shedd's memorandum, Young agreed the next morning to re-



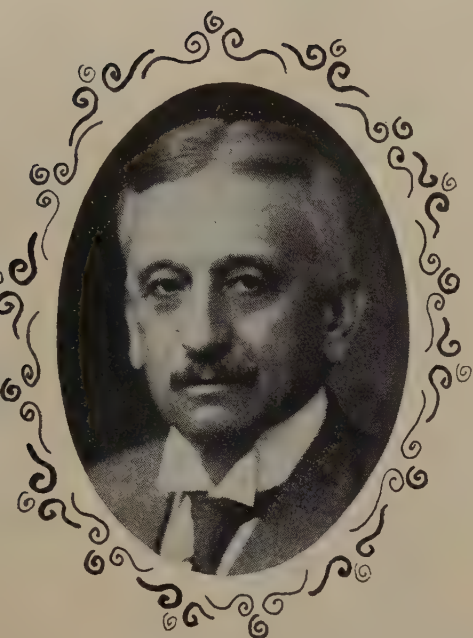
John T. Pirie, found



George Scott, founder.



Andrew Macleish, founder of the Chicago retail store.



John G. Shedd.

linquish his option on the Selfridge store. But then Samuel Carson Pirie telephoned Selfridge that his partners were not quite satisfied with the transaction and desired to open it up for further consideration. Another meeting was arranged. Selfridge occupied the same room he had used earlier. The one on the other side now housed Samuel Pirie, George Scott, Robert Scott, Andrew MacLeish and John Pirie. The memo continues:

"The partners debated with me for two hours, and finally it being evident that it was the only opportunity for Carson Pirie Scott and Co. continuing retail business on State street, and my personal urging them to take this opportunity of securing for themselves a location on one of the best retail business corners in the world, they finally proposed a compromise, agreeing to take over the business of Selfridge and Co. as of June 11, 1904, assuming all responsibility of the Selfridge regime, and paying Mr. Selfridge a bonus of

\$150,000, which Mr. Selfridge instructed me to accept. I then brought them together in my room, and after congratulations all around and many profuse expressions of admiration from Mr. John T. Pirie to me for my helpfulness in saving their institution for the street, appointments were made with counsel and the contract consummated."

Carson's moved forthwith to the southeast corner of State and Madison and has stayed there thruout the second half-century of its existence. Today its administrators number one Carson, one Pirie and two Scotts, as well as chairman MacLeish. John T. Pirie Jr., the president, is a grandson of founder John Pirie; Frederick H. Scott, son of John E. Scott, the firm's first errand boy, is a director and chairman of the finance committee; Robert L. Scott Jr., a grandson of the errand boy, serves as a director and vice-president; S. P. Carson, a grandnephew of Samuel Carson, is also a director and vice-president.

Two documents, dated 50 years apart, were brought forth by Marshall Field & Co. on the occasion of Carson Pirie Scott's 100th anniversary in business. (Field's was 100 years old two years ago). Printed here is a statement from Hughston M. McBain, chairman of Field's board and the yellowing scrap of paper shown at right contains Shedd's jottings as negotiator during the Selfridge-Pirie meeting of 1904.

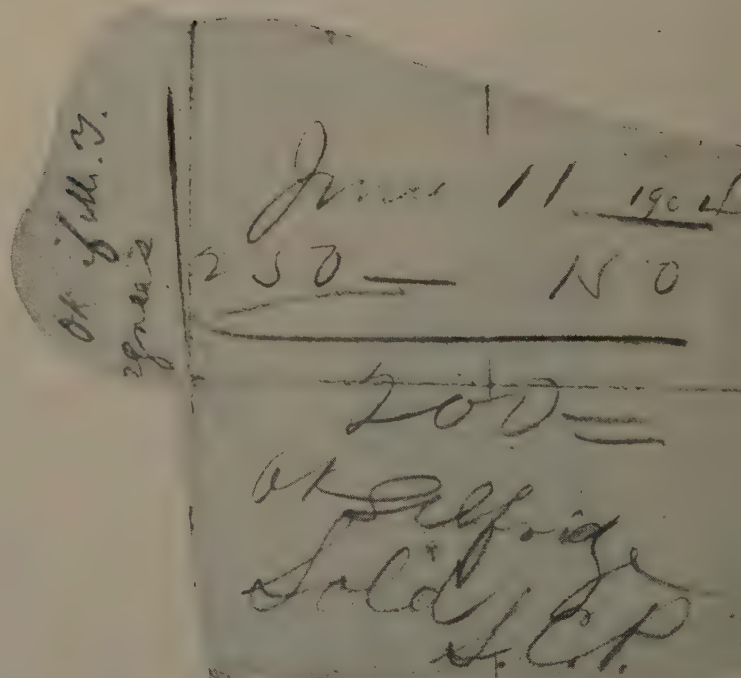
Those of us who are business heirs of Mr. Shedd have always been glad that he made the effort he did to bring Carson Pirie Scott & Company to State street. We hear a good deal these days about planned and integrated shopping centers — and certainly they are a characteristic of this merchandising area.

But we ought not to forget that State street itself was the world's first planned shopping center, created as a single, close-knit unit. There is no doubt in my mind that State street's growth and the prosperity of the stores on it come primarily from the fact that a number of strong stores have been situated close together.

The competition furnished by our neighbors on State street has kept us on our toes — and some of the strongest of that has come from our neighbors and friends in Carson Pirie Scott & Company.

Today they are a growing, vigorous concern with a long history of enterprise and integrity to be both envied and emulated. Our relationships with them as individuals, as merchants and as citizens of Chicago have always meant and still mean a great deal to us.

Hughston M. McBain
Chairman of the Board
Marshall Field & Co.





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Lake Wind

Saturday-long, they haunted Jackson Park
Where canvas skies held down the humid air.
The city seethed behind them everywhere —
Street and apartment, shadowless and stark.
On the limp grass the Tribunes, cast aside,
Flattened and died,
While at the watermark
The old lake lapped the beach, ever so lightly,
As if the turning earth disturbed it slightly.

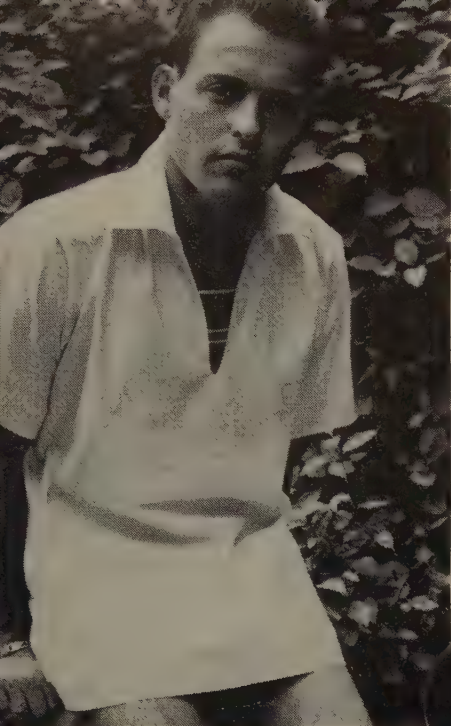
But Friday noon, Keewatin clouds were black,
On Hudson Bay a rain began to fall;
The cool air rose before it like a wall,
Driving the mist from Abitibi Lake.
It poured in ripples thru the tamarack,
Tangled the Whitefish sailboats in a squall,
Veered south to Manistee, and still they heard
No prophesying word.

At its three-quarter hour the brassy sun
Was hanging, spellbound, in a shadeless tree.
They sat forespent and hopeless, arm on knee,
Hating themselves for what the heat had done,
For perspirational guilt that clung and clove,
Driving out pleasure, nullifying love.

On the horizon now the first sail tips.
A hairbreadth nearer now a wave breaks white.
Under an arc of steadily changing light
Flutter of gulls above the moving ships.
The rousing water slips
Higher on sand, the first front-page takes flight.
The first tree dips.
Like wine and wafer on their penitent lips
The Lake Wind, rising from its sacred pool
Washes away their sins and makes them cool.

Jessica Nelson North

SHOPPERS'



1

1. The Biarritz shirt is a right-now item, a real find for easy living. Open-throated, with colorful striped inset, two large "tote" pockets. Fun for small, medium or large sizes, \$8.50 at Wesley Adams.

2. Men will also bless the new wrinkle-proof, "ventilated" dress shirt for less formal occasions. Its pleated front and crisp, sheer coolness will be welcome with any dark suit; in "Screen Weave," a blend of 80% cotton and 20% nylon. Jerrems has it, custom-tailored thruout, \$12.



2

3. In shoes, the new "magnet" stay-on insole is the news. It molds to your foot, keeps the shoe gently clinging with no strips or straps. Try it in the Joseph Salon — black suede circled around vinylite, \$27.95 the pair.

4. Frames for your glasses that match or contrast with costume colors, give your eyes the decorative "frame" they deserve. In natural with slate, ebony, tobacco or mink for the accent color, at Almer Coe & Company, \$20.

5, 6, 7. New "holy smoke" colors set the theme for a winning trio, in junior sizes, that could be the backbone of a stunning college or career wardrobe.

Holy Smoke is the deepest — an oxford so dark it's almost black — set off in this graceful dress by a brilliant pumpkin-colored tie inside the shawl collar. Yarn-dye wool flannel, with that little-waisted look so good on sizes 7 to 15. \$29.95 in Chas. A. Stevens' Jr. Deb Dress Shop.

City Smoke tones the box suit with "coffee money" pockets — a dark oxford tweed flecked with pumpkin and pale blue. At \$55 in sizes 7 to 15, in Stevens' Jr. Deb Suit Shop.

Photos by Don Bronstein



4



5



6



SHOWCASE

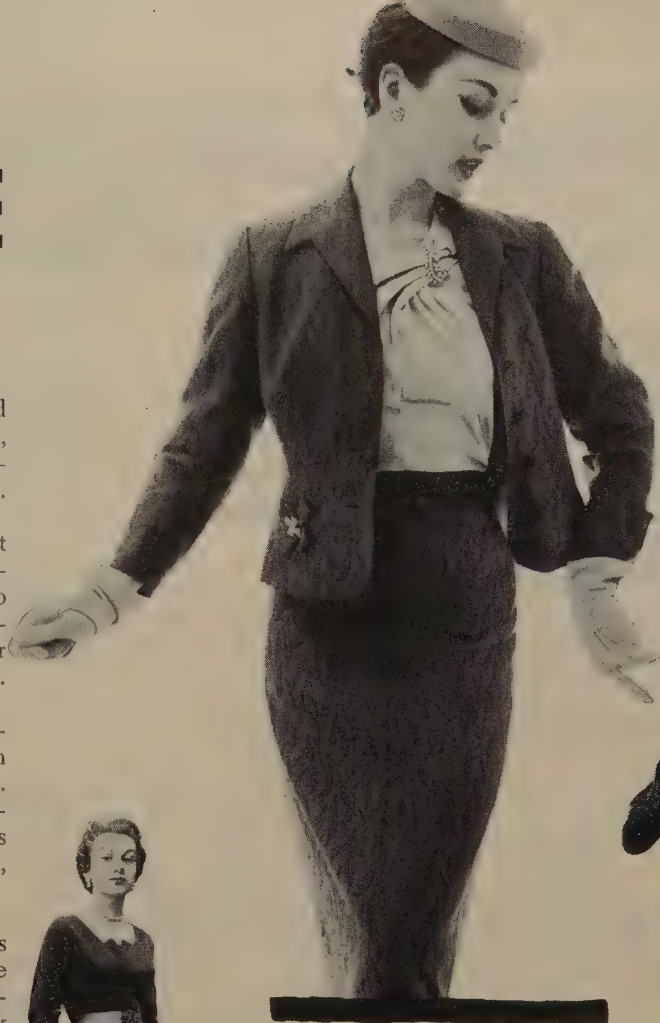
Country Smoke tones, softest of all, shadow the glen tweed of the Anne Fogarty dress, full the new way, at the sides, and touched with charcoal velvet at the throat. In hard-to-find sizes 5 to 15, it's \$49.95, in Stevens' Jr. Deb Dresses.

8. There is a real furor in fashion over the newly elegant fabrics, like this silk-and-worsted in "Autumn Leaves" pattern, particularly when used for suits. I. Doctor uses it to advantage, points up its dramatics in a suit-dress with contrasting blouse and lining. About \$115 in gray, brown or navy, 14 to 44 and 12½ to 24½ at Marshall Field and Co.

9. Citified handling of tweed makes the news of this ensemble, plus the careful contrast of the sheath's sleek fit with the easy bloused grace of the short jacket. It's a Fred A. Block original, combining two Forstmann textures for an infinitely wearable result. Black or brown combinations, sizes 10 to 16, \$169.95 at Edgar A. Stevens, Stephen P. Coleman, Marquette Dress Shop or Dorothy Schreiber.

10. The new trend to elegance is particularly strong in this Eisenberg dress in the opulent texture of mat velvet, the colors of precious jewels. Emerald green, ruby red, turquoise, antique gold and topaz browns — set off with a silk sash and a jeweled buckle. \$110 in sizes 10 to 20, at Bramson's, Carson Pirie Scott & Co. or Chas. A. Stephens.

11. The height of elegance as always — mink. Photographed here, from Uhlemann's magnificent mink collection, a stole in natural Lutetia mink — a soft gun-metal gray that is very new and very flattering to every complexion tone, every hair color. \$1,280 plus tax.



8



9



10



7

Shoppers' Showcase searches out what's new — going behind counters and into stockrooms, undoing tissue paper wrappings with the eager merchants — bringing you the first view of what you'll be wearing, watching, talking about.



11

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Chicago Real Estate Market



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One of the North Shore's finest residences, near lake, 5 master bedrooms, plus maid's quarters, library. Elevator. 137 feet frontage. Offered for \$69,000 on reasonable terms.

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**Ultra Smart
Seven Rooms
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Delightfully spacious, charming interior contemporary styled brick and frame in Skokie's popular residential park (Evanston schools), cool breezeway, glorious 'lounge' with off-the-floor fireplace. Drastically cut for quick action.

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McGUIRE & ORR

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Wilmette 228



**4-Bedroom
1½ Baths
\$21,500**

1½ bath home in good South Evanston location, ½ block to bus line. Modern kitchen with dishwasher and disposal; paneled playroom; new 220 wiring; new attic fan; low taxes; early possession. Need we say more? Call us for an appointment to inspect.

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EVANSTON



**Lannon Stone
Colonial
Seven Rooms
2½ Baths**

GOLF



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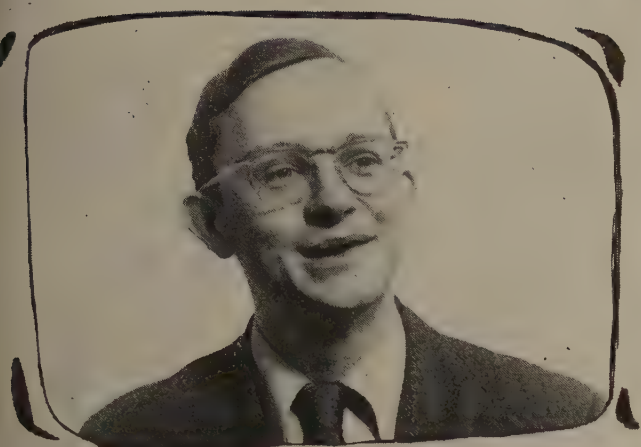
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by Studs Terkel

Mr. Peepers vs. Mickey Spillane

Heroes can be gentle

Robinson Peepers is TV's most natural hero.

That he is the most gentle is obvious. That he is the most intelligent is no matter of conjecture, either. By intelligence, I don't mean mere book larnin'. The fact that his Aunt Lil lights up like a beacon whenever he says "something scientific" is of small matter, tho her pride in her nephew's academic background is an authentic touch of whimsy, pleasantly recognizable to most viewers. By intelligence, I mean his relationship to other humans, his tender offerings, without playing the fool. By this token, he is far more the natural man than Mickey Spillane's muscle-flexing, sadistic hero.

Professor Warder Allee of the University of Chicago maintains that "our tendencies toward goodness, such as they are, are as innate as our tendencies toward intelligence; we could do well with more of both." Dr. Allee's premise is cited by Ashley Montagu in his remarkable little book, *On Being Human*. In taking up the long-neglected cudgels against the traditional interpretation of Darwin's "survival of the fittest" theory, Dr. Montagu eloquently points out man's predominant potential for goodness, love, co-operation. Were

this small volume required reading for TV script writers and producers, half our living room worries would be over. Were the well-authenticated precept of Dr. Montagu followed, Mike Hammer, Martin Kane and "Foreign Intrigue's" boy-in-the-trench-coat would be pinpointed as most abnormal — indeed, most unmanly.

Nor would the foolish husbands, the doltish males of most of our situation comedies, be spared. The fatuous father in the horrendous "My Little Margie" would be among the first to go. The anthropologist points out that intelligence, too, is a natural attribute of man.

Of late, some critics have been shooting darts at Mr. Peepers' silly didoes. This may be an inverted form of compliment. It never occurs to them to criticize the vapidity of Lucy's Ricky or of the men in the life of "Our Miss Brooks." It's taken for granted in these instances, and in others. But when the little science teacher gets out of line, the finger of scorn is immediately pointed. This is as it should be, for he most closely approaches the natural man.

It is not that Mr. Peepers himself is taken from life. Not at all. His charac-

ter is exaggerated, altho I am told that the performer, Wally Cox, is a pretty unusual fellow.

WHAT IS REAL is Peepers' *relationship to others*. No matter how flimsy the situation at hand might be, you are constantly aware that among the principals there exists a state of genuine rapport. They care for one another. As a result, we care for them. More often than not, the Peepers plot is tissue thin. But the people are not. Nancy, beautifully interpreted by Pat Benoit, is the most gentle, most intelligent and, therefore, the most attractive heroine on TV. By the standards of Dr. Montagu, she's the most natural woman on the screen. It is apparent, even to the most careless eye, that she understands her man very well. Marian Lorne's Mrs. Gurney, for all her expert high jinks, is the lonely old woman doing the best she can. An excellent foil to shy Peepers is the glib Wes. Actor Tony Randall bats almost a thousand with this character. But the roundness of these portrayals would mean little were it not for their importance to each other.

Mutual solicitude is the key to the show's success. And it seems so natural. We call upon Dr. Montagu again: "If

man can but be persuaded to try living in co-operation with his fellow men, he will discover that it is no more difficult to do so than to say so. For the drives toward co-operation are all there within him, and they are his *dominant* drives. Man has but to give them the opportunity to express themselves."

Such opportunity is being given by the people of Peepers' world. David Swift, a sensitive writer who created this show while living in Chicago, de-

serves some kind of an award. The current writers, Jim Fritzell and Everett Greenbaum, and the director, Hal Keith, are handling the package with loving care. None of these gents need read *On Being Human*. It is respectfully recommended to other writers and directors.

Here's the answer to the question: What ever became of TV, Chicago style? It is still in practice. On a New York show, "Mr. Peepers."



An open letter to Studs Terkel

from Edward L. Ryerson

Wherein the president of the Chicago Educational Television association answers "An open letter to Edward Ryerson from Studs Terkel" (CHICAGO, June).

You are right, Studs, that it is time for Channel 11. It has been time for Channel 11 for many years. That is why I was happy to take the chairmanship of the community drive for the station a little over a year ago.

"Let's get with it," you say. May I answer that we are with it. The community's anxiety for Channel 11 is something we are aware of constantly, sometimes even in the small hours of the night.

It is this very community concern that reminds us that we must proceed with caution. We must have an organization that is fully qualified to do the job because we owe it to the people who have been waiting so long to give them nothing but the best. Other educational TV stations have advised us — on the basis of experience — not to start too soon.

We have been working actively on the matter of top personnel for several months and hope that it will be settled in the very near future — perhaps by the time this magazine has gone to press. There is every indication that we will be on the air by the spring of 1955.

By that time we should have sufficient funds to guarantee the infant station at least two years of life. We cannot underestimate the importance of firmly underwriting the project before it begins. An

operating period of two years must be guaranteed to get Channel 11 thru its growing pains and satisfy these waiting Chicagoans who must not be disappointed. If they are not disappointed they will see to it that Channel 11's life continues beyond its second birthday.

Altho the community has responded generously to the appeal, we still need almost \$300,000 to meet our goal. A new special gifts drive has been launched for this purpose.

Chicago has been unique among the educational TV campaigns thruout the country in the fact that the majority of the money raised to date has come from small contributions. In other cities individuals have given in amounts ranging from \$50,000 to \$200,000, while in Chicago the largest single gift is \$5,000.

However, small contributions indicate a community support that has kept us going. No enterprise can fail when it is so obvious that the people want it.

Even our children have taken it to heart. One of the most heartwarming aspects of the campaign has been the response of the younger generation. They have sold pumpkins for Halloween, held backyard carnivals, presented plays, baked cookies and often voluntarily given money they might have used for themselves to Channel 11. They send in their contri-

butions with such comments as "hoping this great dream soon will become a reality." Time and again they have reminded their parents to write checks for their new station.

Chicago also is unique in the cooperative relationship existing among all of the major educational and cultural institutions of the area. No less than 27 colleges, universities, libraries, museums and other prominent institutions, as well as 17 organizations interested in educational TV, are represented in the Chicago Educational Television association, the non-profit corporation sponsoring Channel 11.

A dramatic illustration of this cooperation is the recent two-day conference held by Illinois Institute of Technology for the teachers who will be the mainstay of Channel 11's programming. Here again, Chicago was unique in being the first city to bring together such a representation of its educational leaders as the first step in their training for educational TV. More such conferences are in the planning stage now.

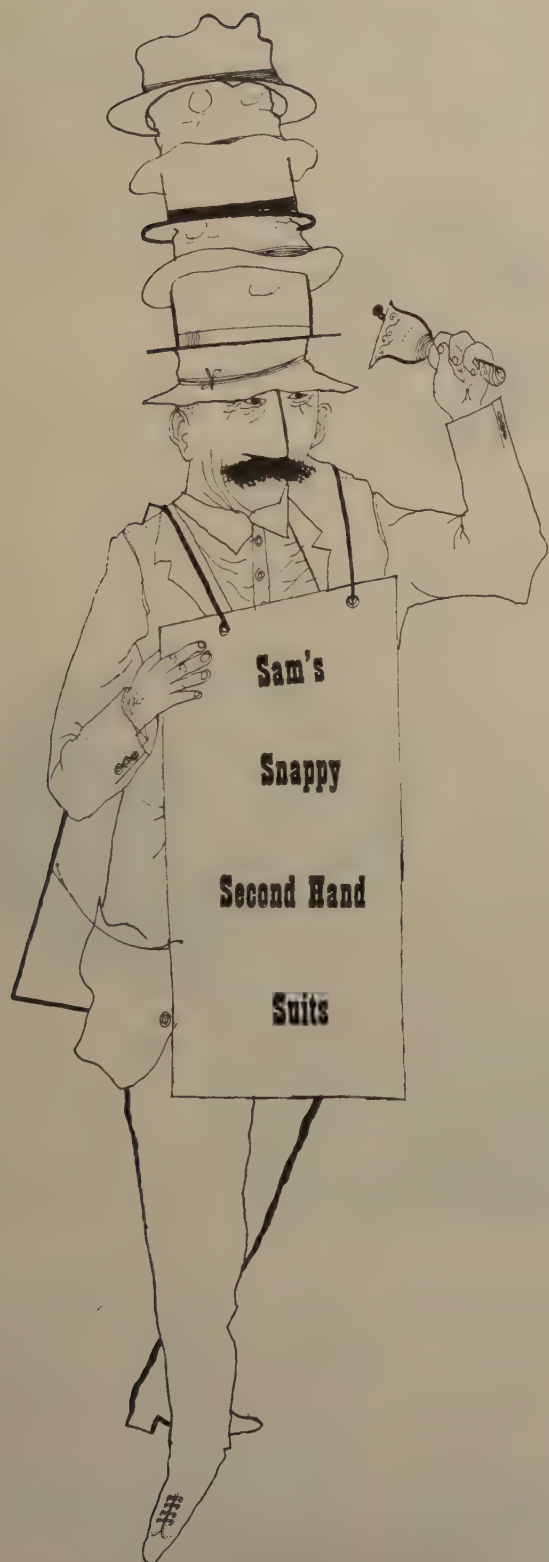
Channel 11 is the most exciting community project I have ever been associated with, and I have been associated with a great many over a period of 35 years. I can't conceive of anything more important or any force with such tremendous possibilities for good in our community. Channel 11 can be the answer to many of the civic problems I have been concerned with over the years. It can interpret these problems to a wider audience than ever — we are told there are more TV sets than telephones in Chicago area homes — and will be a much needed supplement to the work of all of our social, civic and cultural agencies.

The unlimited horizons of Channel 11 are best expressed in its call letters — WTTW. Channel 11 truly will be a "Window to the World." And we're trying our best to open that window as soon as possible.

The Sandwich Man with Six Hats

&

The Octopus with Six Flavors



Advertising, as an art, is full of years and wisdom. A million pages in the *Post*, a billion words before and after station breaks, thousands and thousands of terse billboards, oceans of gabby TV footage — and technique evolves, rules are discovered, formulas shape up. You get to know what you can do and what you can't, and Dr. Starch backs you up to the last decimal point, and Hooper is a tower of strength for those who say I told you so.

Still, there are some parts where you play by ear, and the music is sweet. The rules went by the board when they showed a shirt on a one-eyed model, and an octopus endorsing all six delicate flavors, and had a wacky ballerina pantomime a deodorant commercial. Yet nobody found any grounds for complaint — least of all the client.

More advertisers are in this issue of *CHICAGO* than in any previous issue. Largely, we assume, playing by ear. There are few case histories to guide them, and the circulation, tho growing steadily, still isn't spoiling anyone's sleep in *Life's* or *Collier's* business offices.

What these advertisers have detected is the *quality* of *CHICAGO's* readership. There are no more than a hundred thousand readers, true. But each of these, in the sheer adventure of putting out his quarter for a new, unprecedented publication, stands and declares himself as adventurous, receptive to new ideas. And receptive to new merchandise, by predictable extension.

Of course, it is not all wild surmise that motivates *CHICAGO's* advertisers. They have noted the key neighborhoods and suburbs where our news-stand sales and mail subscriptions are most numerous; and they've compared our rates with those of national magazines which offer the same readership hereabouts.

first flight

Without trust in Daddy's strong arms, fear would blot out the fun of first flight. But because Daddy's smiling, loving face is below, life adds a thrilling new dimension, founded in love and trust.

All our adventures begin in and come home to the security we cannot do without.

To give and to get security is the main business of living. It is a privilege and a responsibility. It provides us life's finest rewards.

Have you ever thought that this security is possible only in a democracy? And that this is the source of America's greatest strength? For we continue to grow stronger as a nation when more and more secure homes are bulwarked together.

The security of your country depends on *your* security.



Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay.

And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have \$2,137.30.

United States Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they

can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you a return of 80% on your original investment!

Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

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Illustrated by Harry Gans

Prairie soup: burgoo

by Eleanor Langdon and Jeannette Oates

There's a thick orange-red soup — more a stew than a soup tho eaten with a spoon — that is found only in five counties of Illinois: Morgan, Scott, Pike, Cass and Green. Since 1873 this meal-in-itself has lured visitors to the small rural fairs in southern Illinois.

The full recipe is a well-guarded secret handed down from generation to generation after it was brought over from England in 1870. Settlers added their improvisations utilizing the abundant prairie chicken, quail, deer and rabbit.

The name of this specialty is burgoo, and its preparation takes nine or ten hours and from 50 to 100 chefs and helpers. Recently it was served in Jacksonville at MacMurray college, founded in 1846 as Illinois Female academy.

Burgoo is cooked outdoors in a line of large vats over fires made with corn-cobs and slab wood. The day before it's to be served an army of local women, under the direction of a traditional expert, begin the preparations. Visible in-

gredients to serve some 500 guests include about 100 freshly dressed chickens, 100 oxtails, 60 soupbones or a side of beef. The cooks peel 30 gallons of tomatoes and an equal quantity of onions. When all the vats are boiling, the meat is added, and later the skimmers, who are traditionally men, are assigned to remove the fat. Added to the ragout, already tantalizingly fragrant, are more ingredients: 43 pounds of navy beans, 20 gallons of carrots, 20 gallons of corn and the 30 of onions — some of these vegetables garden-fresh. One burgoo camp holds that the vegetables should all be coarsely chopped; another that they should be added whole for the long cooking.

The ritual next introduces the paddle men, who use giant wooden flails to stir and prevent scorching or sticking. They work in relays so that the cauldrons are never unattended for a moment. Cooking separately, meanwhile, are young cabbages, 43 gallons of them, and still other vats containing 65 gallons of potatoes and the same amount of toma-

atoes. These last three vegetables are added in judicious quantities and at suitable times to the mother mixture, according to the various methods of those versed in burgoo lore.

Cooking lasts several hours and, shortly before serving, the multiple seasonings are ground and mixed together, containing, so they say, the hidden ingredient. The formula now belongs to the family of Bob Fay, publisher of the Jacksonville *Journal-Courier*, oldest newspaper in Illinois.

Anyone interested in sampling rural fare would enjoy taking in one of these burgoo parties, frequently scheduled like the clambakes in the East. Sometimes the soup is sold at two dollars a gallon for immediate home consumption or for the deep freeze.

Jacksonville, with its town square, elms and old homes, is full of both history and modern comfort. And if you miss burgoo, try the Hotel Dunlap for a cheddar omelette, corn sticks, pickled watermelon rind or homemade pineapple ice.



Illustrated by Larry Klein

When Mr. E. L. Winthrop of Nooyawk was in the Republic of Mexico, he left the beaten track and ventured into regions not especially recommended to foreign travelers in his *Guide for American Tourists*.

On a certain day he happened into a little quaint Indian village in the state of Oaxaca. Walking along the dusty main street of the village he saw an Indian squatting on the earthen floor of the front porch of his palm hut. The Indian was busy making little baskets of bast and fibers gathered by him in the immense tropical bush which surrounded the village. The material used had been well prepared for its purpose and richly colored with dyes which the basket maker himself extracted from native plants and insects by a process

Altho he was just a plain peasant by profession, one could clearly see from his little baskets that at heart he was an artist. Each basket was covered with the most beautiful ornaments, flowers, butterflies, birds, squirrels, antelope, tigers and a score of other animals of the wilds. The amazing thing was that they appeared on the inside of the baskets as well as on the outside. Not by painting, but by weaving only were those highly artistic effects achieved, and without any sketch or pattern.

People in the neighboring town who bought these baskets would use them for sewing or to decorate tables or window sills, or to hold little things to keep them from lying around. Ladies used them for jewelry or flowers.

and 30 hours' work, not counting the time spent gathering bast and fibers, preparing them, making dyes and coloring the bast; and for this work he asked 50 centavos, the equivalent of five and a half cents American money. It seldom happened, however, that buyers paid the full 50 centavos asked — or four reales as the Indian called it. The buyer bargained, calling it a sinful price. "Why, the whole thing is nothing but ordinary petate straw. You can find heaps of it wherever you look; the jungle is full of it," the buyer would argue. "Such a little basket, what's it good for anyhow? If I paid you ten centavos for it you should be grateful, you should kiss my hand in gratitude. Well, I'll be generous this time, I'll pay you 20 — but not one green centavo more. Take

ASSEMBLY

known only to the members of his family.

His principal business, however, was not making baskets. He was a peasant who lived on 15 acres of infertile soil yielding corn and beans after much sweat and labor and constant worry over the best distribution of rain and sunshine. Baskets he made when there was nothing to do in the field; he made them to better slightly the small income from his little farm.

Whenever the Indian had finished about 20 or so of these baskets he would take them to town on market day. He would be on his way by midnight because he owned only a burro to ride, and if the burro had gone astray the day before, as happened frequently, he would have to walk the whole way to town and back.

At the market he had to pay 20 centavos in taxes to sell his wares.

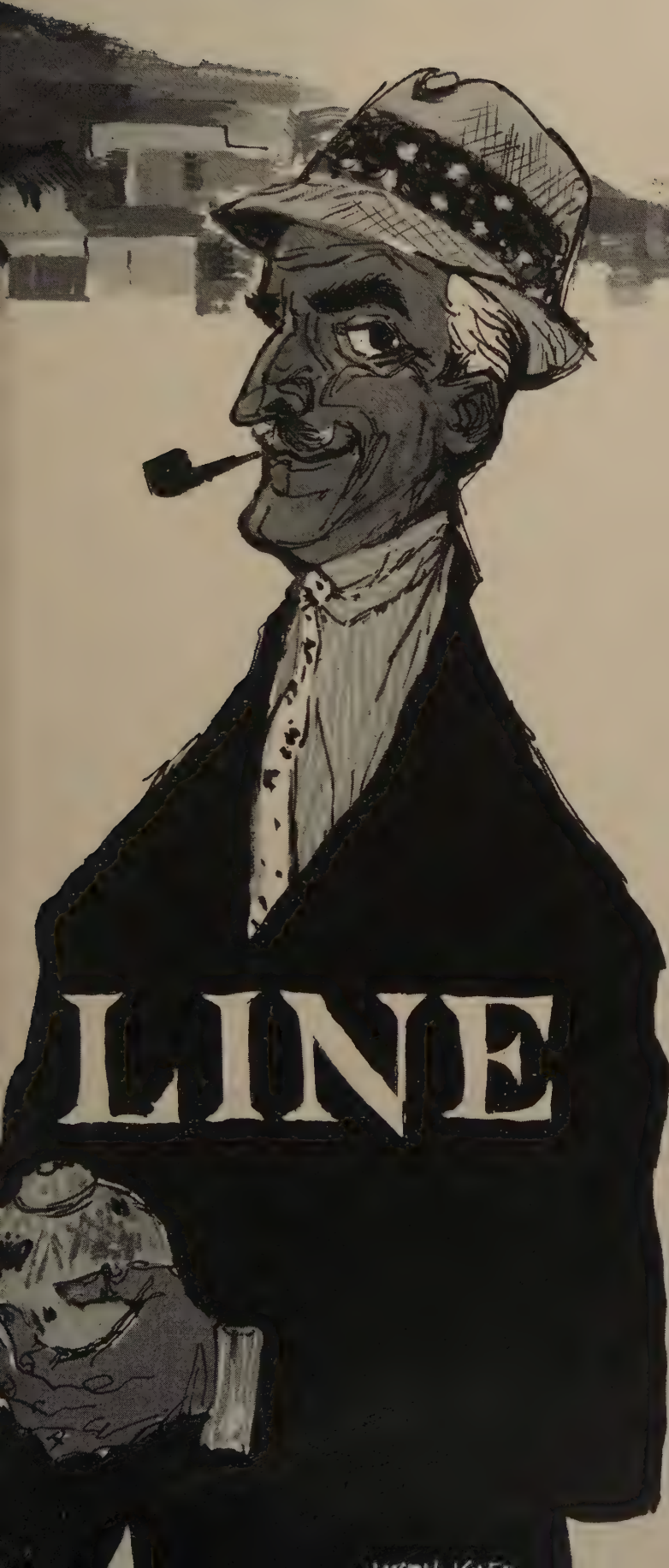
Each basket cost him between 20

it or run along."

So he sold finally for 25 centavos, but then the buyer would say, "Now, what do you think of that? If you can change me a 20-pesos bill, all right, you shall have your 25 fierros." Of course, the Indian could not change a 20-pesos bill, and so the basket went for 20 centavos.

That basket-maker had in his life made several hundred of these beautiful baskets, yet so far not two of them

A story by B. Traven



had ever been found alike in their design. Each was a unique piece of art.

Often it was not possible for him to sell all the baskets he had brought to market. Naturally he did not want to take them home again. In this case he went peddling his baskets from door to door and he was treated like a beggar and had to swallow insults. Occasionally he would get no more than ten centavos, and the buyer, usually a woman, would grasp the little marvel and right before his eyes throw it carelessly upon the nearest table as if to say, "Well, I take that piece of nonsense only for charity's sake. After all, I'm a Christian and I can't see a poor Indian die of hunger since he has come such a long way from his village."

THE INDIAN SQUATTED on the earth floor in the portico of his hut, attended to his work and showed no special interest in the curiosity of Mr. Winthrop watching him. He acted almost as if he ignored the presence of the American altogether.

"How much that little basket, amigo?" Mr. Winthrop asked.

"Fifty centavitos, patroncito, my good little lord, four reales," the Indian answered politely.

"All right, sold," Mr. Winthrop said in a tone and with a wide gesture as if he had bought a railroad. And examining his buy he added, "I know already who I'll give that pretty little thing to. She'll kiss me for it, sure. Wonder what she'll use it for?"

He had expected to hear a price of three or even four pesos. The moment he realized that he had judged the value six times too high, he saw right away what great business possibilities this miserable Indian village might of-

fer to a dynamic promoter.

"Suppose, my good friend and amigo mio, suppose I would buy ten, how much would you charge me apiece?"

The Indian hesitated for a few seconds as if making calculations. Eventually he said, "If you buy ten I can let you have them for 45 centavos each, *senorito gentleman*."

"All right, amigo. And now, let's suppose I buy 100 of these useless baskets, how much will they cost?"

The Indian, never fully looking up to the American standing before him and hardly taking his eyes off his work, said politely and without the slightest trace of enthusiasm in his voice, "In such a case I might not be quite unwilling to sell each for 40 centavos."

Mr. Winthrop bought 16 baskets, which was all the Indian had in stock.

After three weeks in the republic, Mr. Winthrop was convinced that he knew this country perfectly, that he had seen everything and knew all the inhabitants, their character and way of life, and that there was nothing left for him to explore. So he returned to good old Nooyawk and felt happy to be once more in a civilized country.

One day going out for lunch he passed a confectioner's and, looking at the display in the window, he suddenly remembered the little baskets he had bought in that faraway Indian village.

He hurried home and took all the baskets he had left to one of the best known candy-makers in the city.

"I can offer you here," Mr. Winthrop said to the confectioner, "one of the most artistic and at the same time the most original of packages. These little baskets would be just right for the most expensive chocolates meant for elegant high-priced gifts."

The confectioner examined the baskets and found them extraordinarily well suited to a certain line in his business. Never before had there been anything like them for originality, prettiness and good taste.

He shrugged his shoulder and said, "Well, I don't know. If you asked me I'd say it isn't quite what I'm after. However, we might give it a try. It depends, of course, on the price. In our business the package mustn't cost more than what's in it."

"Do I hear an offer?" Mr. Winthrop asked.

"Why don't you tell me in round figures how much you want for them? I'm not a good guesser."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Kemple: since I'm the smart guy who discovered these baskets, and since I'm the only person who knows where to lay hands on more, I'm selling to the highest bidder, on an exclusive basis, of course."

"Quite so, and may the best man win," the confectioner said. "I'll talk

the matter over with my partners. Come around tomorrow and I'll let you know how far we're willing to go."

Next day when Mr. Winthrop stepped into Mr. Kemple's office this gentleman said, "Now to be frank with you, I know art when I see it — no getting around that. And these baskets are little works of art, they surely are. However, we are not art dealers here, you know that. Therefore I've no use for the baskets except as packaging for our most elegant French pralines. I can't pay for them what I would pay for real art. After all, they're only wrappings. A fine wrapping, perhaps, but nevertheless a wrapping. So here is our offer, take it or leave it: a dollar and a quarter each, not a cent more."

Mr. Winthrop made a gesture as if he had been struck over the head.

The confectioner, misunderstanding this involuntary gesture of Mr. Winthrop, said quickly, "All right, all right, no reason to get excited, no reason at all. Perhaps we can do a trifle better. Let's say one-fifty."

"Make it one-seventy-five," Mr. Winthrop snapped, swallowing his breath and wiping his forehead.

"Sold. One-seventy-five apiece free at port of New York. I pay the customs and you pay the shipping. Right?"

"Sold," Mr. Winthrop said also and the deal was closed.

"There is, of course, one condition," the confectioner added. "One or two hundred baskets won't do for us. It wouldn't be worth the trouble and the advertising. I won't consider less than ten thousand, or one thousand dozens if that sounds better in your ears. And they must come in no less than twelve different patterns well assorted."

"I assure you that I can make it 60 different patterns of designs."

"So much the better for us. Can you deliver ten thousand by October 1, let's say?"

"Absolutely," Mr. Winthrop said and signed the contract.

ALL THE WAY BACK to Mexico, Mr. Winthrop had a notebook in his left hand and a pencil in his right and he was writing figures, long rows of them, to find out exactly how much richer he would be when this business had been put thru.

"As soon as I arrive in the city," he muttered to himself, "I'll pick up an American guy down on his luck, and I'll give him 15, well 18, damn it, let's give him 20 a week. I'll send that bum off to that lousy village and have him establish his H.Q. there so that he can hustle production and take charge of the packing and shipping. A clean-cut business. It'll go like honey on hot cakes. They're practically no weight, so the shipping won't cost much. Let's

say five cents apiece. No loss for breakage or leakage. No special export tax on them as far as I could learn. If there should be, let's say five cents, stamps and all. Now, how do we stand?"

"That Indian offered me a hundred for 40 centavos apiece. I won't spring the ten thousand on him right away, or he might get foolish notions and steam up the price. A deal is a deal, even here in this godforsaken republic. Anyway, to be on the safe side, let the price stand at 40. Forty centavos Mex is, let me see, well, the peso is actually eight and a half to one, so 40 centavos will be four and six-tenths cents in genuine money. To this I must add five cents U.S. for packing and shipping. Then I'll have to add, let's say, six cents for overhead and there'll be enough left for paying something extra there to an express agent to speed up transportation.

"Now, let's see. For unforeseen expenses, we'll put in another five cents our money and that will put us entirely on the safe side. Now, let's sum up the whole goddamn thing. Ten thousand he ordered. Well, well, there we got a clean cut profit of 15,440 genuine dollars. Sweet smackers. Fifteen grand right into papa's pocket."

He found his Indian friend squatting in the porch of his jacalito as if he had never moved from his place since Mr. Winthrop had left for New York.

"How are you, mi buen amigo?"

The native rose, took off his hat, bowed politely and said in his soft voice, "Be welcome, *patroncito*. Thank you, I feel fine, thank you. Muy buenas tardes. This house and all I have is at your kind disposal." He bowed once more and sat down again. But he excused himself for doing so by saying, "Perdoneme, *patroncito*, I have to take advantage of the daylight, it soon will be night."

"I've got big business for you, my friend," Mr. Winthrop began.

"Good to hear that, senor and good lordy."

Mr. Winthrop said to himself, "Now he'll jump up and go wild when he learns what I've got for him." Aloud he said, "Do you think you can make me one thousand of these little baskets?"

"Why not, patroncito? If I can make twelve, I can make one thousand also."

That's right, my good man. Can you also make five thousand?"

"Of course, senor, I can make five thousand if I can make one thousand."

"Good. Now, if I should ask you to make me ten thousand, what would you say? And what would be the price of each? You can make ten thousand, can't you?"

"Of course I can, jefecito. I can make as many as you wish. You see, I am an expert in this sort of work. No one else in the whole state can make them the way I do."

"That's what I thought and that's exactly why I came to you."

"Thank you for the honor, good lordy."

"Suppose I order you to make me ten thousand of these baskets, how much time do you think you would need to deliver them?"

The Indian, without interrupting his work, cocked his head to one side and then to the other as if he were counting the days or weeks it would cost him to make all these baskets.

After a few minutes he said in a slow voice, "It will take a good long time to make so many baskets, patroncito. You see, the bast and the fibres must be very dry before they can be used properly. Then all during the time they are slowly drying they must be worked and handled in a very special way so that while drying they won't lose their softness and their flexibility and their natural brilliance. Even when they dry they must look fresh. They must never lose their natural properties or they will look just as lifeless and dull as straw."

"Then while they are drying I have to get the plants and roots and barks and insects from which I brew the dyes. That takes much time also, believe me, patroncito. The plants must be gathered when the moon is just right or they won't give the right color. The lice and other insects I pick from the plants also must be gathered at the right time or else they produce no rich colors and are just like dust. But, of course, jefecito, I can make as many as three dozens if you want them. Only give me time."

"Three dozens? Three dozens?" Mr. Winthrop yelled, and threw up both hands in desperation. "Three dozens!" he repeated as if he had to say it many times in his own voice so as to understand the real meaning of it. He had

expected the Indian to go crazy on hearing that he was to sell ten thousand of his baskets without having to peddle them from door to door and be treated like a dog with a skin disease.

So he took up the question of price again, by which he hoped to stir up the Indian's ambition. "You told me if I take one hundred baskets you will let me have them for 40 centavos apiece. Is that right, my friend?"

"Quite right, jefecito."

"Now," Mr. Winthrop took a deep breath, "now, then, if I ask you to make me one thousand, that is, ten times one hundred baskets, how much will they cost me, each basket?"

THE FIGURE WAS TOO HIGH for the Indian to grasp. He became slightly confused and, for the first time since Mr. Winthrop had arrived, he interrupted his work and tried to think it all out. Several times he shook his head and looked vaguely around as if for help. Finally he said: "Excuse me, jefecito, my little chief, that is by far too much for me to count. Tomorrow, if you will do me the honor, come and see me again and I think I shall have my answer ready for you, patroncito."

When on the next morning Mr. Winthrop came to the hut he found the Indian as usual squatting on the floor under the overhanging palm roof working at his baskets.

"Have you got the price for ten thousand?" he asked the Indian the very moment he saw him.

"Si, patroncito, I have the price ready. You may believe me when I say it has cost me much labor and worry to find out the exact price because, you see, I do not wish to cheat you out of your honest money."

"Skip that, amigo. Come out with the salad. What's the price?" Mr. Winthrop asked nervously.

"The price is well calculated now without any mistake on my side. If I have to make one thousand canastitas, each will be three pesos. If I have to make five thousand, each will cost nine pesos. And if I have to make ten thousand, in such a case I can't make them for less than 15 pesos each." He returned to his work as if he were afraid of losing too much time in idle talk.

Mr. Winthrop thought that perhaps it was his faulty knowledge of this foreign language which had played a trick on him.

"Did I hear you say 15 pesos each if I eventually would buy ten thousand?"

"That's exactly and without any mistake what I have said, patroncito," the Indian answered in his soft courteous voice.

"But now, see here, my good man, you can't do this to me. I'm a very important person where I am at home.

I'm your friend, the best you ever had, and I want to help you get on your feet."

"Yes, patroncito, I know this and I don't doubt any of your words."

"Now, let's be patient and talk this over quietly as man to man. Didn't you tell me that if I would buy one hundred you would sell me each for 40 centavos?"

"So, jefecito, that's what I said. If you buy one hundred you can have them for 40 centavos apiece provided, of course, that I have one hundred, which I don't."

"Yes, yes, I see that." Mr. Winthrop felt as if he were going insane any minute now. "Yes, so you said. Only what I can't comprehend is why you cannot sell at the same price if you make me ten thousand. I certainly don't wish to chisel on the price. I am not that kind. Only, well, let's see now, if you can sell for 40 centavos at all, be it for 20, or 50 or 100, I can't quite get the idea why the price has to jump that high if I buy more than 100."

"Bueno, patroncito, caballero gentleman, what is there so difficult to under-



stand? It's all very simple. One thousand canastitas cost me so much time and labor that I could never finish them, not even in a hundred years. It isn't that you can walk into the bush and pick all the things you need at your heart's desire. One root with the true violet blue may cost me four or five days until I can find one in the jungle. What is more, if I have to make so many baskets, who then will look after my corn and my beans and my goats and chase for me occasionally a rabbit for meat on Sunday? If I have no corn then I have no tortillas to eat, and if I grow no beans, where do I get my frijoles from? You tell me."

"But since you'll get so much money from me for your baskets you can buy all the corn and beans in the world and more than you need."

"That's what you think, *senorito*, little lordy. But you see, it is only corn I grow myself that I am sure of. Of the corn which others may or may not grow, I cannot be sure to feast upon. Suppose all Indians like me were to make baskets also, who then do you think would grow corn and beans? We would all die because there would be no longer any food to be had."

Mr. Winthrop, seeing 15 thousand dollars slipping thru his fingers, became desperate. He bargained with the Indian for hours. Tearing out leaf after leaf from his notebook, he covered them with figures and explained to the peasant that he would be the richest man in the whole district.

The Indian, with a genuine expression of awe, watched Mr. Winthrop writing these long figures, doing all these complicated multiplications and divisions and subtractions so rapidly that it seemed to him the greatest miracle he had ever seen.

Mr. Winthrop noted this but misjudged the meaning of it. "There you are, my friend," he said, "that's exactly how rich you are going to be. Four thousand pesos, 450 American dollars, and to show you that I am your friend, I'll throw in a bonus. I will make it a round five thousand pesos, and all paid out in silver."

The Indian, however, had not thought for a moment of four thousand pesos. Such an amount of money had no meaning to him. He had been interested solely in the ability of Mr. Winthrop to write so rapidly.

"So what do you say now? Is it a deal or is it? Say yes and you'll get your advance this very minute."

"As I have explained before, my little lordy, the price is 15 pesos each."

"But, my good man, *hombre*," Mr. Winthrop shouted at the poor Indian in utter despair. "Where have you been, on the moon all the time? You are still at the same price as before."



"Yes, I know that, *jefecito*, my little chief," the Indian answered, entirely unconcerned. "It must be the same price because I cannot make any other. Besides, *senor*, there is still another thing which perhaps you don't know well. You see, my good lordy and *caballero*, I have to make these *canastitas* my own way. If I had to make them in many numbers there would no longer be my soul in each, or my songs. Each would look exactly like the other and such a thing would slowly eat up my heart."

"Each has to be like another song which I hear in the morning when the sun rises and when the birds begin to chirp and the butterflies come and sit down on my baskets. You see, the butterflies like my baskets and the pretty colors on them, that's why they come

and sit down, and I can make my *canastitas* after them."

"And now, *senor jefecito*, if you will kindly excuse me, I have wasted much time already, altho it was a pleasure and a great honor to hear the talk of such a distinguished *caballero* like you. But I've to attend to my work now, for the day after tomorrow is market day in town and I have to take my baskets there. Thank you, *senor*, for your visit."

Mr. Winthrop arrived in New York with high blood pressure.

He stormed the office of the candy maker and yelled "With those damn Mexicans you cannot do any business. There is no hope for them and none for their country; how these people can exist at all under such conditions that's for me the greatest miracle under heaven."

First plays, last words

See how they run, III

by Beverly Fields

Oddly enough, the most satisfactory opening performance on the summer circuit turned out to be the Music Theater production of *Oklahoma!*

Certainly the tired old revival that played not long ago in the Loop did nothing to create a mood of anticipation for another glimpse of this will o' the west, and the Music Theater combination of resident and imported players with one week of rehearsal should have brought forth a dizzy patchwork.

But it didn't. With a company that was 90 per cent pure talent, *Oklahoma!* was as bright and exciting as any musical comedy has to be.

Rita Noble was beguiling as Ado Annie. She neglected no facet — wistful, raucous, piquant or sweet — of what may be the most engaging character Rodgers and Hammerstein ever thought up. Almost equally good were Jack Mann and Ruth Gillette as Will Parker and Aunt Eller; and Margaret Moser made the pallid role of Laurey as interesting as she could.

Not that there weren't a few defects. Ali Hakim, played by Jack Gilford, wasn't quite as exuberant as other Persian peddlers I have seen; Joe Lautner's Jud could have been a shade spookier; and handsome John Elliott, who played Curly, seemed not to know exactly what to do.

But these are captious points. The music, directed by Leo Kopp, was excellent, and the singing and dancing choruses were vivacious and well trained. David Tihmar's staging and direction on the round stage were resourceful and imaginative, and drew all the elements of the production smoothly together.

With a different director and a different leading lady, Jack Palance might have been able to make something of the role of Witch Boy in *Dark of the Moon*, Salt Creek's first offering this season. He looked wonderfully eerie, and balanced gracefully between gen-

tleness and daemonic restlessness, but he seemed strangely out of place in the comic strip atmosphere created by director Andrew McCullough.

Dark of the Moon is a folk fantasy with a poetic quality, the tale of a witch boy who falls in love with a real girl. It has its comic moments, of course, but they are quiet ones, and have nothing in common with the humor in *Tobacco Road*, which may have been the last play McCullough saw before he directed this one.

The spirit of the play was further interfered with by the presence of Virginia Baker, a rather blatant young woman who appeared to have a difficult time pretending to be the radiant Barbara Allen.

There were, however, a couple of noteworthy performances besides Palance's — George Mitchell's as Preacher

Haggler and Albert Salmi's as Marvin Hudgens.

On the whole, the production suffered from the disadvantages of the star system — the presence of at least one performer who was "included in the package," and the last minute appointment of a director who was unfamiliar with the play.

Neither of these faults applied to *Jenny Kissed Me*, an innocuous little vehicle starring Margaret O'Brien at Drury Lane. Nobody can say that Jean Kerr didn't know where she was going when she started to write this play; and, given the first five minutes, almost any member of the audience could have filled in the rest of the three acts.

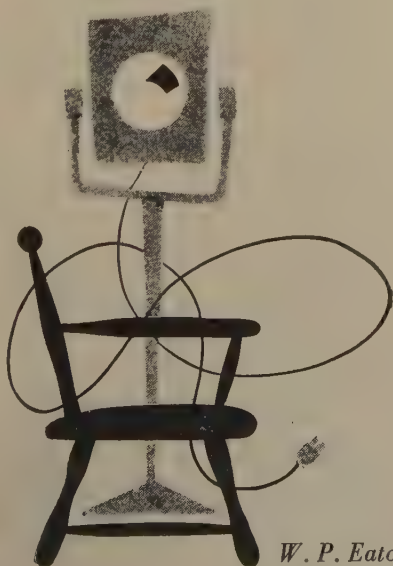
The roles were soundly cast; the players looked just as they were meant to look. Everything moved like clockwork; the laughs came and the play went along, winding up exactly where everybody knew it would. The trouble was that it didn't seem to matter.

Not one, but two summer theaters — East Eden and Chevy Chase — opened their seasons with perpetrations of that alleged comedy, *Papa is All*.

This story of a near-psychotic who inflicts sadistic punishments on his wife and children has the comic potentialities of, say, *Mutiny on the Bounty*. And yet somebody, somewhere, persuaded Patterson Greene, who wrote it, to play it for laughs. It is as a result a very embarrassing piece.

The East Eden version made me particularly nervous; I cannot believe that there are so many variations of the Pennsylvania Dutch speech. Lea Penman, in the role of Mama, seemed to have mastered them all.

The role of Jake is the easiest to praise in both companies. Paul Ehrbach



W. P. Eaton

of East Eden and Donald Peggins of Chevy Chase both turned in creditable performances. Mary Kinser, as Mama at Chevy Chase, seemed to understand what she was doing far better than her counterpart at East Eden.

As for the other members of both companies, the less said the better. I must remark, however, that I was fascinated by the extraordinary width to which Barbara Zale, the East Eden Emma, was able to open her eyes when she wished to appear vivacious.

I am going to get around to Tenthouse in a moment or so, but first I want to report that Shady Lane Farm in Marengo, whose first play was the F. Hugh Herbert comedy, *For Love or Money*, serves some of the best food I've ever eaten, and in the most attractive surroundings. Their plays should hereafter be reviewed by the Dining Out editor.

The Fourposter, which opened the Tenthouse season, is a very dull play, even if it did make half a million dollars on Broadway. Its dullness is the result, not of the fact that it has only two characters, but of the clichés of experience that compose the lives of these two people. It has no freshness, no originality to recommend it, beyond the device of a single set with a double bed.

The bed is the reason for some very edgy humor in the scene that finds Michael and Agnes alone together on their wedding night. No delicacy on the part of the actors can quite overcome the essential poverty of invention with which the play is written.

Yet even in such a dismal piece as this, Barnard Hughes and Helen Stenborg conveyed strongly the impression that they are seriously devoted to their work, and that they are, besides, well equipped for it.

Hughes is an actor of estimable purpose and versatility, and both he and Miss Stenborg have the kind of understanding that enlivens whatever parts they play. However, while I always believe what Miss Stenborg is doing on the stage, I sometimes find myself aware of her voice, which seems to have too high a pitch and too regular a cadence.

But I hate to cavil. These people are shining lights in the Tenthouse company, which is the nearest thing to a good repertory group for hundreds of miles around. It's too bad they can't find a way to heat that tent in the winter.

TIME CAPSULE



50 YEARS AGO: In August, 1904, Chinatown, then located on Clark between Jackson and Polk, was being forced south by the expansion of the Loop. Many of the restaurants and shops were relocating around 12th and Wabash . . . **The Aurora, Elgin & Chicago railroad** introduced the first buffet car to serve a suburban train. At a preview the \$12,000 conveyance traveled the "L" tracks in the city while invited guests were wine and dined . . . A typhoid fever epidemic broke out Back of the Yards, increasing the privations of the packing house workers whose bitter and violent strike was in its second month . . . **Volney Foster**, business and civic leader, died at 56. He was known as the "Father of Sheridan road," having first visualized the route of the artery between Chicago and Waukegan . . . **Miss Lucille Nau** reigned as queen of the second annual west Madison street carnival sponsored by community merchants and the West Park board.



25 YEARS AGO: The number of Chicago newspapers shrank in August, 1929, when the 85-year-old Daily Journal was absorbed by the Daily News . . . **The Cubs stampeded** toward the National league pennant despite the mid-month loss of their veteran first baseman, Charley Grimm, who broke his hand. They led second-place Pittsburgh by 11½ games at the end of the month . . .

A rocking chair endurance contest, a new variation of marathon, was staged in the Croatian hall at 96th and Commercial . . . Helen and Lois Dodd, blonde twins from the University of Chicago, were named the most beautiful American coeds by a jury consisting of F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Barrymore and Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. . . . **The Graf Zeppelin** passed over the city on its heralded trip around the world . . . Work was started on the last link of the south outer drive, filling the void between 39th and 51st streets.



75 YEARS AGO: The newly-formed National Archery association held its first tournament at White Stockings park in August, 1879. Will H. Thompson of Crawfordsville, Indiana, won the men's championship . . . **P. T. Barnum's circus** played a week's engagement on the lake front . . . The annual series of religious camp meetings attracted vast crowds to Lake Bluff . . . The city council passed an ordinance for conversion of west Washington street to a boulevard . . . **The town of Aurora** was overrun by 65,000 visitors as the volunteer veterans of the Civil War from the northwest states held a reunion.



Illustrated by Wayne Gallagher

Ernest Hemingway's School Days

He wrote the class prophecy at Oak Park High in 1917, just before he turned pro.

Even in 1917, when he was senior class prophet at Oak Park high school, Ernest Hemingway stood out from his fellows. His extra-curricular activities were numerous, but he was not an undergraduate "joiner"; for over a year he had been seeking seclusion to experiment with writing. A few of the teachers recognized the boy as being unusually perceptive. Most of his classmates saw him as a clever youth, but perhaps a little strange.

In the prophecy, Ernie correctly predicted the future of Morris Musselman, who found fame as a Hollywood writer.

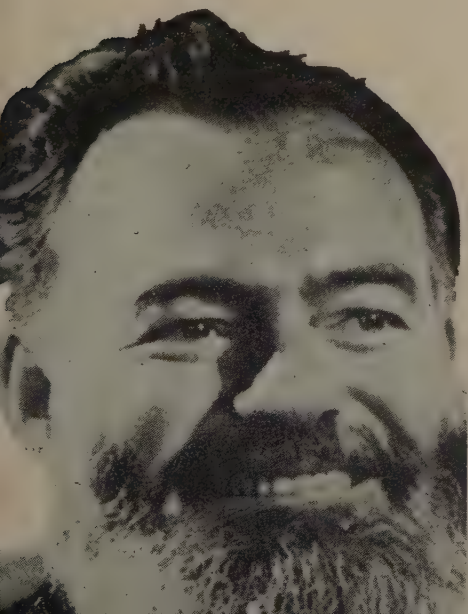
But the prophet gained no honor with his forecast for Edward Wagenknecht, who became not a baseball star but a Northwestern university English professor, anthologist and literary critic. Marcelline Hemingway did not, despite her big brother's prophecy, become a lady veterinarian. Sue Lowrey married Carl Kesler, who is an editorial writer for the *Daily News*. They still live in Oak Park. Predicting his own future, the seniors' Nostradamus accurately foresaw his involvement with war, but failed to anticipate that he would become an outstanding writer of

his generation, and also one of the most familiar symbols of it.

The prophecy and most of the pictures reproduced in this sidelight on Hemingway's youth are from a copy of the 1917 Oak Park yearbook, the *Senior Tabula*, owned by William C. Phelps, who is shown to the left of Ernie in the photograph of the football team. Phelps, a member of the class of 1918, was a grade and high school chum of Hemingway, whom he last saw in the early Twenties. Phelps is now an advertising salesman in the Chicago office of *Newsweek* magazine.

Class Prophecy

by Ernest Hemingway, '17



"Go over to that table and take the news as it comes from the front," said General Wilcoxen to me. I seated myself at the radio table in the headquarters and adjusted the phones to my ears. Clickety, click, click, click, click, click went the receivers.

"Read it off to me as it comes in," said General Wilcoxen, and I read off the messages as rapidly as possible.

"Dale Burnstead, great powder magnate, captured and held for ransom by

the Germans. Shall we pay the \$2,000,000 asked for his return?"

"Don't ask foolish questions," snapped the general.

"General Taylor, Major Swanson and Colonel Rawls have been recommended to command the new expeditionary force. Have you any choice which is the best?"

"Say there is no choice," growled the commander-in-chief.

"There's a man from outside that

wants to take some pictures," said a sentry, saluting as he ushered in a familiar looking figure.

"Why, Tom Hildebrand, go as far as you like," said the general, and Tom immediately departed to send a wire to his wife, Ruth Bramberg, who had him report every night what he had done during the day.

The radio clicked again and I wrote down the message for the general. "The following Red Cross nurses have been recommended for the cross of exceptional bravery: Edna Hildman, Ina Peterson, Helen Sinclair and Mabel Tate."

"That's wonderful," said the general. "Give 'em each the double cross."

A loud noise and commotion started outside, and I hastened to the door. "Let me come in and see him. I know him. He'll be glad to see me. Let me in."

I reached the door in time to see the sleuth with his bayonet pressed against the rotund stomach of Mr. LeRoy Huxham, the Rip Van Winkle of the class.

"Hux, of all people! What have you been doing with yourself?" gasped Fred.

"Oh, nothing. Just dropped in to see you, old top."

"Sit down, old man, and tell us the news." Knowing Hux, I lay down on a camp cot, prepared for a long session.

"Well," he began, "out of our old bunch of '17, had you heard about Dick and Henry Bredfield fighting a duel over Florence Winder? They both were shot, and Flossie died of a broken heart. You heard about the big war time athletic benefit, didn't you? Pete

Chase won the back stroke, Grimm the quarter mile, and Preucil the national tennis title.

"You remember Jack Lander, don't you? Well, old Jasper has started a new religion call Jazzism, and Peaslee and Art Thexton are his favorite disciples. His cult is the biggest sensation since the collapse of the anti-prohibition party that died when Otto Voelzke, its founder, met his untimely death by drowning.

"Jean Ford, you remember, the Sand Man, has gone into the sugar business and is making a fortune out of which she generously supports Earle Pashley, who lost his mind while writing editorials for Oak Park's greatest weekly news magazine.

"Martha Whitlock's teaching English back at old O. P. H. S. She and Mr. Gehlman, who now has white hair, have many talks about old times. Saw Shorney, too, when I was back visiting. He hands out the checks at the lunch-line now, and so many people call him Gordon that it's become as familiar a name as James used to be. He kids the teachers just as the colonel did, too. Say, I saw some show down at the Oak Park when I was back. Neil, Glass, Hahn and Hancock took a night off from the Olympic and gave a benefit performance for the Rev. Bob Sas-seman's mission. Say they were there! They're billed as the 'Kissome Maidens'" — but here Hux grew incoherent and we offered him a lamp, from which he drained the alcohol at one gulp.

"Wait a minute while I get my breath," he gasped. "Here! look at this paper."

The noted octogenarian shoved a copy of the "Examiner" at me and the following item struck me in the eye:

BARTON SISTERS SWAY CITY — THOUSANDS ANSWER CALL OF GOSPEL — RUM IS ON THE RUN.

Down in the corner was this notice: "The following prominent citizens have decided to move since the passing of the anti-trust law: Mr. Clarence Kohler, head of the potato corporation; Mr. Lyman Worthington, newspaper magnate; Mr. Robert Cole, of the Affiliated Association of Affluence; Mr. Louis Albee, the wealthy scientist."

Turning to the next page, I saw in big type:

PRES. OHLSEN SAYS WAR MUST CEASE. NOTED HARVARD HEAD DEMANDS CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES.

WAR WILL GO ON.

"Well," said Fred, "The firm is on the job."

In the second column was this scare head:

GIRL BANDITS NABBED. WAN-ZER, REID AND NISSEN TAKEN AFTER DESPERATE STRUGGLE. CHIEF OF POLICE PORCH COMPLIMENTED.

"Geel! Paul always could get the girls," said Hux, who was rapidly regaining strength.

POWERS WALLOPS CARDS WITH FOUR-PLY SWAT. KENNEY, REHM, AND THOR SCORE ON HOMER.

WAGENKNECHT PITCHES GOOD GAME were the big heads on the first sport page.

"Good for Lib," yelled General W., looking over my shoulder, and casting my eye on the next page, I read:

KIMBALL KNOCKS OUT VON PEIN IN CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT. FEMININE FEATHERWEIGHT TITLE CHANGES HANDS.

"Hurray," yelled Hux. "I win ten bucks. Let's go out and take in a show."

As our concentration camp was located on the lake front, we were compelled to walk past the place where Hale Printup saved his city by firing hot air at the Zeppelins. We removed our hats as we passed the spot, as all of us recalled vividly the tragic scene of Printup's fiery end when his jaws ignited from the friction.

"What shall we see?" said Hux. "Les Shaw and his tame lions are up at the Hippodrome. Betty Brydon's known as 'Charlotte the Second'; Ruth Mor-

The junior football team. Hemingway is directly behind the second boy from right in the front row.



rierson's got Sousa's old job, and Zelma Owen trains the chorus. Then over at the Illinois Roberta Finnell is playing leads with Herbert Tree's grandson. Or, don't you feel equal to a little Shakespeare? Ada Mesurvey sings the title role in 'Madame Butterfly' tonight at the Auditorium. K. Bagley used to be called the second Pavlowa, but now the only reason Pavlowa's remembered is because she's been compared with K."

"Oh, let's go in and see Edith Treleaven and Ed Willcox in 'The Green Peril,'" suggested the economical Wilcoxen.

Loretta Below shoved us three pasteboards from behind the wicket. We entered to see the flickering trials of Ed and Edith for four reels. This was followed by a Musselman Mutual, produced by Wirth, photographed by Eichelberg. Cheer after cheer rocked the house during this picture, and the police had to be called in to carry out the members of the audience who had swooned with laughter.

The next film featured Dorothy Estabrook in the "Crimes of Catherine," with Wayne Brandstadt playing the villain.

A Pathe news came next, featuring the wedding of Sue Lowrey and Frank Lee, the preparedness kindergarten conducted by Chester Iverson, Margaret Wright, and Flora Konald, and the first woman submarine diver, Dorothy Willard.

As we left the theater a boy came up selling Saturday Evening Posts.

"Hello, Myron," said Fred, and I recognized W. K. Capouch, who was reported to have made a million in that questionable enterprise. We gave Capouch a quarter and received 15 cents in change.

On the cover of the Saturday Evening Post was a very familiar face, but I did not seem quite able to place it.

"Why," said Hux, "that's Dorothy Hollands. Kendall draws her face on all his magazine covers. Poor Golder! he nearly goes mad with rage whenever he sees a Post being walked on or destroyed."

Clang! Clang! went a patrol wagon up the street, and we followed on a run. A swarm of bluecoats crowded out and into a large stone front house and immediately reappeared hustling a crowd of fashionably dressed ladies into the wagon. "Look! they've got Helen Cirese, Edith Buehler, Kathryn Clinton

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Class Prophet; Orchestra (1) (2) (3); Trapeze Staff (3), Editor (4); Class Play; Burke Club (3) (4); Athletic Association (1) (2) (4); Boys' High School Club (3) (4); Hanna Club (1) (3) (4); Boys' Rifle Club (1) (2) (3); Major Football (4); Minor Football (2) (3); Track Manager (4); Swimming (4).

"None are to be found more clever than Ernie."

ILLINOIS



MARCELLINE HEMINGWAY

Commencement Speaker; Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4); Glee Club (3) (4); Tabula Board (4); Trapeze Staff (3), Editor (4); Opera (1) (2) (3); Atalanta (1) (2) (3) (4); Girls' Rifle Club (2) (3) (4); Commercial Club (4); Drama Club (3) (4); Girls' Club (3), Council (4); Story Club (3).

"I'd give a dollar for one of your dimples, Marc."

OBERLIN



and Marion Campbell! That's the Ladies' Fraternal Bridge Club that Inspector Clifford has been threatening to raid for so long." A burly red-faced figure climbed onto the driver's seat and pushed in the clutch. "Oh, Wales," I called. "Very good, Sherry," he answered, and the wagon went on its way with Helen Veach, the motorcycle copette, sputtering along in its wake.

"Say! I've seen those white wings before somewhere," said Hux, pointing at five street cleaners who were busily pushing the dust up into their scoops. He whistled and one of them raised his head. It was Charles Campbell. He waved merrily and nudged his companions, and we were surprised to see the countenances of Joel Crissey, Frank Duennes, Dick Craig, and Hilly Gage.

"Speed up there. Here's the 'cop,'" growled a voice, and turning, we were surprised to see Bud Bethell. "Yes, women fill a lot of men's places now," she said. "Go into that office building across the street and you'll see a bunch of the old crowd."

We thanked Bud and barely got across the street in front of a speeding Ford driven by M. Hemingway, the noted lady veterinarian. As the car whizzed by us it struck an elderly lady who was crossing the street and hurled her senseless to the pavement. Hastening to her aid, we found it to be Jessie Brown! "Who done it?" she gasped. "Doc Hemingway," Fred replied. "I knew she'd get me finally," wheezed Jessie, and passed away. We carried her lifeless body into the office building and nearly tripped over Carroll Dyrenforth, who was industriously scrubbing the steps. "Oh, take her right in," said Carroll, "I'll call a bellboy," and at her

ring Gertrude Early, Edith Ebersold and Grace Dabbert appeared attired in their snappy livery and gently took the body upstairs.

After that gruesome occurrence I felt a trifle shaky, and so we stopped in at Wright's, where Laura, who is a member of the firm, personally served us some good old Dolan Doughnuts, the kind that made such a reputation for Jeff's string of restaurants.

As we munched the doughnuts and drank our coffee we glanced through a copy of "Vanity Fair" that Florence Caldwell was making such a success with since Gerald Andrews wrote his famous novel, "What's in the Cup," as a serial for her publication. Frank Julius had a good theatrical review in the magazine, but Charles Jacobs' fashion plates were what all the ladies were gazing at.

"Say," said Laura, "listen a minute," as she came out from the kitchen and stood at our table to chat over old times. "Did you hear about Ruth Swanson's persuading old Bill Haupt to leave his million-dollar shoe business to her and about Jean Avery eloping with Roland Rodeck?"

"No," I marveled, but Laura went on: "That's nothing! Had you heard about Cora Andrew and Herm Kellberg? My, that was a sensation, and in a public aeroplane, too! It's been the talk of the city. Why, it's the biggest thing since Olga Flohr won the Kentucky Derby."

"And did you hear about Ig Smeeth and Glenn Privat and Allen Speelman starting a matrimonial bureau? They've got the biggest business in the city and they've made some simply stupendous matches. The famous Walter Blount

and Alice Carlson and Frances Bumsted and poor old tottering Frank Reid, the dumb wonder. Oh, there have been millions implicated in those matches.

"Say, did you know Irving Ellis is still in school? He gets his Latin out of one of the new ponies that Noel Parris has put out, too. He told me all about it. He says maybe he'll graduate next year, but the students are petitioning him to stay, because they won't recognize the high school without him."

"Howdy, Laura. Megga Murk and bossy in the bowl, draw one. Well, Max, how are you?" It was Shep, the great Northwestern football coach.

"Sure," he said. "I come in here often. It's just across the street from where Helen and I have our flat. She keeps house for me since the divorce. I was sorry to see old Kohler go to the bad. Well, I gotta beat it. Seen tonight's American?" He shoved us the pink sheet and strode out through the swinging doors.

LOVERS DIE IN SUICIDE PACT. — PROMINENT ATTORNEY AND SOCIETY MAIDEN SHOT; — LULL AND JOHNSON FAMILIES PROSTRATED.

"Poor Deak," said Fred, "But they're happy now."

In another column were the words, **FEMININE BUTCHERS SHOW HEROISM. — HOLD STEERS AT BAY WHILE CROWD ESCAPES. — MOCKLER, SCHWAB AND SULTENMEYER OPPOSE INFURIATED ANIMALS.**

At noon yesterday in the stockyards, while the Germa-Austrian Peace commission was being entertained, infuriated steers broke loose from herders and charged the distinguished crowd of spectators. Misses Marguerite Mockler, Janet Schwab and Elsie Sultenmeyer grasped the pitchforks which were lying on the ground, and heroically drove the animals back to the pens. Philip White, a prominent coal dealer, who was present, then showed his presence of mind by shutting the gate and imprisoning the animals. Those in the committee of entertainment who were periled were: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wilson, head of the committee of welcome, Mr. Charles Kilmer, American Ambassador to the Danish West Indies, Miss Gladys Johnson, the head of Hull House, Misses Marion Campbell and Helen Smith, noted policewomen, Mrs. Darthea Haines Murray, wife of

Gen. William Murray, commander of the French Division, and Mr. Irving Lobstein and Mr. Maurice Loven of Loven and Lobstein, who negotiated the Franco-American loan.

Our hearts were so full of pride at the thought that we had known those heroines, that we left the lunch room without even thinking of paying our check.

Passing up the street, past the Wyne Yardley Zimmerman coal company's warehouse, we nearly bumped into Connie Lockyer, who was hurrying along carrying a small satchel. "Get out of my way, quick," she hissed. "Jack's running at the 2nd Regiment, and I've got to get there in time to get him started. I'm managing him now."

A boy stopped us at the corner. "Get your copy of Pomeroy's Popular History of the U. S.! Nearly all sold out; only a few left. Get 'em here." "All about Willie Ehrman's winning the doubles at Newport. Last edition." Seeing my bald head, a man whom I at once recognized as Johnny Nelson approached. "Buy a bottle of Isabel Krantz's hair restorer and beautifier! All the famous beauties recommend it. Marion Kraft and Marie Kelly endorse it. Just give it a trial! It'll grow hair on a turnip or a boiled onion."

We hailed a taxi to escape the hair restorer and told Marion Thoms, the driver, to take us to the Smith-Stone, now our leading hotel.

Seated at a table were Inez Parsal, Mildred Mills and Florence Miller, nearly bursting their gloves encoring Louise Lucas' dancing.

Margaret Ruddiman brought us in a couple of (censored) and a package of (censored) and we were soon contentedly enjoying life.

"Stien," said General Fred, "We've seen 'em all."

"Every one," said Hux.

"All except two," I said.

"They probably saw us first," said the general.

"No, it's Pentecost and King."

"Let's look 'em up in the Directory," said Hux. I called a waiter and soon we were poring over its pages.

"Here it is!" cried Fred.

"J. Pentecost and H. King, Chicken Farmers."

"We might have known it," Hux said.

Well, here's luck to you and to the grand old class. Long may it wave! Do you think they'll kick us out if we give the class yell? Let's risk it all right, Seniors!

YOU'RE INVITED to the PARTY BAZAAR

Come to the Kroch's & Brentano's PARTY BAZAAR, featuring Dennison products. You'll find all the trimmings to enhance a festive occasion and help make any party a delightful success—centerpieces, favors, candles, cloths, napkins, streamers, fancy flowers, paper mannikins.

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There's not much new under the stars

by Stenterello

Summer music leaves a lot of us cold, and not for good reasons — at least not good reasons, critically. There ought to be something definite behind this vague, chilled response. After all, the performances are not really bad; and both Ravinia and Grant park are pleasant enough, as far as outdoor arrangements go.

Somehow, the whole idea of "summer music" seems impossible as far as criticism is concerned. Its very reason for existence is too extra-musical to support more than random comment. The fact that it is outdoors, that it's ostensibly relaxed and informal, appears to exert some curiously stultifying control. There's nothing seasonal about music — or any art, for that matter — unless the season has some particular symbolic import. And there's nothing symbolic about a Chicago summer.

The very idea that one can put an orchestra into a shell for the purpose of extracting some unique variety of shimmering, summery pearl is a little silly; but there are important aspects of this idea which are worth some discussion.

Let's dispense first with the obvious: orchestra musicians, like any other professionals who are employed in a so-called seasonal occupation, have to eat during the off season, too. And as long as we are dealing with the obvious, we ought to mention what seems to be a widespread fear among summer music program directors — that the name of George Gershwin would die out forever without the yearly hot weather succession of all-Gershwin nights. Not that there is any sensible objection to this, except for the fact that it stems from the fortuitous dream of the lyricist who

decided that the living was somehow easier at this time of the year. There's no reason to get annoyingly literal about this; and it's not much of an excuse, even if true.

Actually, the problem of summer music cannot be dismissed quite so cavalierly. It is a real problem for those of us who find that Ravinia is too far away, that Grant park is dull, and that we cannot join those who are satisfied with the vicarious enjoyment derived from the descriptions of the summer festivals which seem to get enough support in Europe — and from American tourists at that. It makes a pretty dry season for the city-bound who

must take their entertainments where they are forced to look for them.

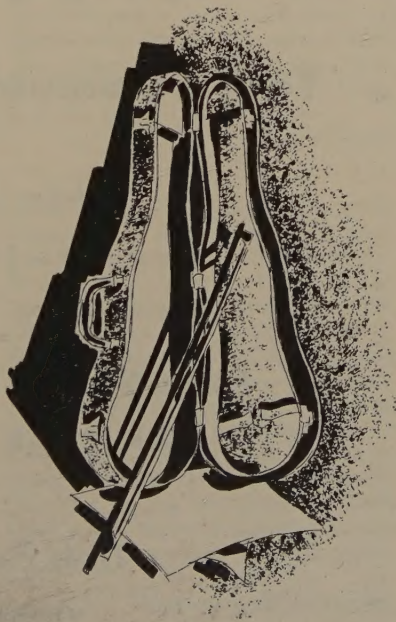
The reason for all the difficulty seems to lie in that mysteriously nuclear distinction between "light" and "heavy" music. The best definitions would indicate that everything unfamiliar is heavy, while the light is composed of that all too exclusive group which go by the revolting name of "old favorites." There's no critical problem here. It's a question of geriatrics.

The range of "old favorites," fortunately, is wider than one might think. There's one Beethoven symphony, one Schubert, somebody named All Gershwin, Strauss, Rogers and Hammerstein, and a good many others. The only trouble is that it doesn't change much from year to year. It gets monotonous.

While Ravinia provides generally decent fare, it's a long way to go for an outdoor Orchestra Hall with even less exciting programs. Grant park should logically be the center of more music; but it, apparently, is forced to play the simultaneous roles of symphony hall and brass bandstand. The result is not really a good compromise with anything. It's difficult to sit stiffly in uncomfortable chairs and listen to delightful and thirst-provoking Strauss waltzes.

Strauss is marvelous. So are Rogers and Hammerstein, and Gershwin. *La Boheme*, I must admit, I have heard enough by well-rehearsed, well-staged companies to feel that there ought to be some kind of moratorium declared. But here we run into our battle with the old favorites. *La Boheme* and *Madame Butterfly* are, heaven knows, familiar.

Altho the evidence might seem to



W. P. Eaton

MUSIC

point in the opposite direction, the fact remains that familiar music becomes more difficult to perform as it becomes more familiar. This is only to say that, as we become more aware of what is going on in a piece of music, we make more demands on the performer. This is as it should be; but somehow it gets passed over by those who make programs for relatively inexperienced performers, summer and winter alike.

The paradox of summer music becomes clear if we see it in this light. The groups are put together rather hurriedly, the soloists are not usually top caliber, but they're adequate. Yet we are asked, just because it is summer, to hear them play music which we can hear during the regular season if we choose — old and new music, too — in top-flight performances. This kind of familiarity creates a contempt which is the real stigma of summer music. It is impossible to apply critical values to it, since the very principle on which it is built denies criticism.

All of this might give us some license to talk of ideal summer music. Sum-

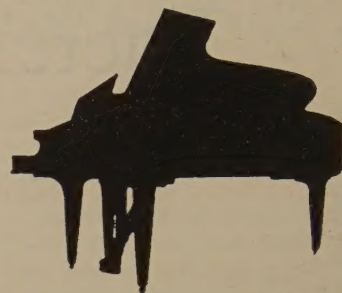
mer music ought to fill the gaps which the demands of the regular season leave open. If the regular season is built on balance, on proper representation of traditional as well as of promising new work, performed at the highest possible level, then summer music can well afford a little abandon and experiment — but along lines which are no less subject to musical standards of quality than one might expect at any other time.

The rash of festivals which breaks out in the heat of other parts of the world is the result of such abandon. Bach festivals, opera festivals, and contemporary music festivals are in themselves a breaking away from concert hall traditions — but with the happy understanding that the bounds of balance will be justifiably retrieved when the summer season ends. Such experiments provide a kind of relaxation for audience and performer alike. They present a wealth of new music and they contribute constantly to the breadth of the regular season by developing new favorites.

But this, of course, is an ideal. It must wait for the day when people start thinking of music not only as an experience which they want to repeat but as one which they want to enjoy for the first time — again and again.

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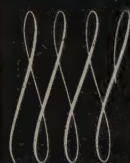
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MAILBOX

Sir: If nothing else, CHICAGO is original. Its pages bear the familiar tang of the Middle West. You have succeeded in creating a magazine that has the potential to be a truly great contribution to literature in our times. If I were to say that CHICAGO is completely without fault, it would be hypocritical. Your photography and art is above criticism. The general tone of the magazine is good, and you have

shown good taste in the selection of most of the writing that appears in the pages of CHICAGO. However, I strongly feel that your poetry and your fiction is trash.

I urge you, as a reader and as an individual who would like to see Chicago add a distinctive magazine to its list of accomplishments, to drop this trend of "modern writing." You may argue that a story such as "The Well Furnished Lair" [July] is dripping with subtle sentences of irradiation concerning the peculiar depravities of some individuals. I think most Chicagoans will disagree.

Next, I would like to comment on the people who have screamed for more sex and elemental Chicago in your magazine. I hope that you will disregard the cries of the *Esquire* readers. Contrary to the beliefs of some, a magazine can be clean and still sell. You don't have to weave a web of intellectualism around sex and then palm it off on the highbrow perverts to sell magazines. If nothing else, keep CHICAGO clean. Make it a magazine that you won't have to hide from your children when you bring it home.

R. P. CAHILL

Sir: In your "Season to Taste" column for June there was a very alluring description of a picnic spot with clues to its location. We have tried to find it without success. Please . . .

GEORGE AND MARY LAFFERTY

Our wayfaring gourmets wrongfully indulged in reminiscence in this case, instead of reporting. Since they last visited their Arcadian picnic spot, rising lake waters have obliterated the beach, and the present owners favor literal interpretation of the "No Trespassing" sign. To those who tried to find the place, our apologies.

THE EDITORS

Sir: I like the way CHICAGO has remained a down-to-earth, human-interest magazine. I do find, however, things I don't like . . . I refer to the June issue, page 2, "Every Man His Own Henry Ford." If the readers of CHICAGO want to see pictures of girls in shorts, bathing suits, and other sorts of abbreviations, they can find them in thousands of cheap pulp magazines. I hope this isn't going to be typical. A good magazine like CHICAGO doesn't need that kind of "attraction." It could stand a little more good poetry, but on the whole CHICAGO gets an A-1 rating from

FERGUS A. O'CONNOR JR.

Sir: Having bought a copy of the May issue of CHICAGO, I found it very interesting, but more so when I came across your article on Liberace. I immediately bought two extra copies and also told other fans of his. We, all of his Illinois fan club chapter, greatly appreciated your writing about him and wish to extend our thanks . . .

PAT GABLER

Sir: I have noted with satisfaction the account of the progress of dianetics and scientology in CHICAGO [West of the Water Tower, June]. Perhaps scientology can do you a favor in return. You publish a magazine . . . How many subscribers would you need to put the magazine on its feet? Let us say it would take several times as many as you already have—say 100,000. . . . What would happen if the rest of your staff were to awaken tomorrow morning to the fact that the magazine now has 100,000 subscribers? . . . Would there be a momentary grating of gears, or would the shift be made smoothly? So what you need most is an attitude. . . . Basically people want to know how they can be better people. They want to know how they can become more acceptable to those around them—how they can express themselves—how they can grow. If your magazine will do this too, it will be *their* magazine, and it will grow. . . .

GERALD N. KNOWLTON

Sir: We found Eugene Rabinowitch's article ["Chicago and the H-Bomb," June] much to the point. We need more of such analyses to keep us thinking about the difficult basic problems of the day and what we can do to meet them.

JOHN WELLBORN ROOT

Sir: Re your July issue: Aw, come on, don't fall down on us now after a terrific start. I refer in particular to your one offering of fiction, "The Well Furnished Lair." What was this supposed to be? CHICAGO's answer to Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery"? Anyhow, it left much to be desired. I'll go along with the gruesome in fiction any day, but this one was just plain silly. I thought the fiction in the June issue was much better. Other than that, you're doing a great job and I'm looking forward to CHICAGO each month. How about an article on the old-time movie studios in Chicago way, way back when Swanson was around here?

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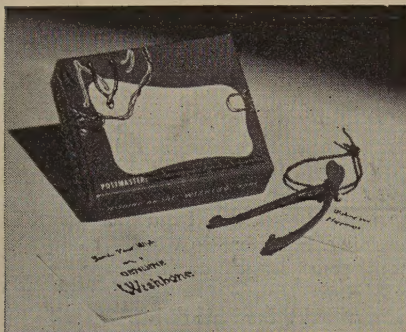
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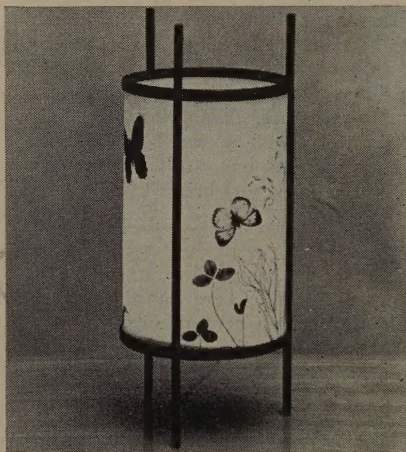
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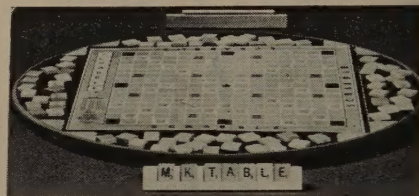
by Rachael Ann Bottorff

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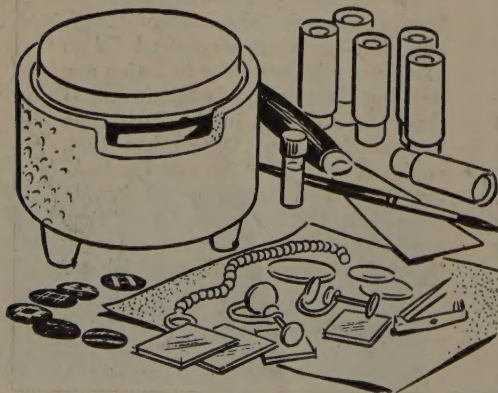
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